

POEMS

UPON

Several Occasions.

By *Benj. Hawkshaw*, Student in *St. John's*
Colledge in *Cambridge*; sometime Student
in *Trinity* Colledge in *Dublin*.

— *Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubiq;
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.*
è lib. Jag. Wheaten. *Juven. Sat. 1.*



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Q. M. S.

AMERICAN COLLEGE

OF THE
SACRAMENTO VALLEY
AND
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To the Learned and Ingenious
Doctour Willoughby Physician
in Dublin.

SIR,

Give me leave to present you with a few Lines, as a Testimony of my Respects for those singular Favours and Encouragements which I have formerly receiv'd from your Hands: I need not tell you they are the Essays but of a very young Pen, a few By-thoughts in my Vacancies from other Studies, a Vein of Youthfulness and Immaturity runs through the whole Piece, which nothing but the Protection of so great a Patron can secure from the Reflections and Censure of the World. I was the more ambitious they should be laid at your Feet, being very well assur'd of your Good-
ness

Epistle Dedicatory.

ness and Candour in pardoning the rash Attempts of Youth, and the Defects that attend all first Endeavours; besides, 'twere the highest Piece of Ingratitude not to pay the First-fruits to that Sun, under whose kind Influence they ripen'd, and came to that little growth you now see them in. I dare not, Sir, presume to attempt a Strain of Panegyrick, lest when I have done my utmost Endeavours, the World should condemn me for speaking too little on so Eminent a Subject, whose worth, that I may not too much embase by this Dedication, I desire rather from thence to borrow Lustre to my youthfull Performances, which at least their Devotion may recommend to your candid Acceptance on the behalf of

Your Obliged and Humble Servant,

B. H.

On the hopefull Author of these Ingenious Poems.

WHen sent from Heav'n a more than common Guest
 Takes up his dwelling in a mortal Breast;
 And when a Soul of large Dimensions comes
 To inform the human flesh---compact'd Rooms,
 The gladsome Fabrick full of Beauty shows,
 No common Splendour from the Windows flows:
 A sacred Brightness doth the Seat attend,
 And th' Inmate prosp'rous Omens do befriend.
 Quick Worth, Præcocious Vertue, Early Grace,
 And ripe Perfection doth the Soul embrace.
 Inspired Wit fills the capacious Mind,
 And forward Sense, to lofty Flights enclin'd,
 Prevents the tedious Discipline of Schools,
 The Loyt'ring Art of Pædagogick Rules.

Wi

Thus Fated to high Facts *Amphitryon's* Son,
As soon as born, a wondrous Conquest won;
The Warlike Babe did two fierce Dragons tame;
Too small an hanſel for his mighty Fame,

Go on young *Hawkshaw*, to the World be kind
And with the Early Products of thy Mind,
Enrich and entertain us at one Time,
Expressing Native Wit without a Crime.
Nor doat on Fame: 'Tis ſeldom juſtly given,
And is too ſmall a Prize for Souls of Heav'n.
Look up! -- A due Reward will come from thence
For him, who decks his Wit with Innocence.

Joſhua Barnes

*Emanuel Collegde,
Cambridge.*

To

*To the Ingenious Mr. Hawtshaw on
the Publication of his Poems.*

Pindarick

I.

Methinks this looks like an untoward Age,
Too gross, or too censorious to engage;
For faith some Poems unregarded lye,
That with their Authors merit Immortality:
Others worse done, yet are approv'd by all,
Because the Subjects more agreeable.
But, *Damon*, you have wisely taken care,
Of Sense, and Mode, to mix an Equal share;
And with assurance may address:
Already certain of success:
Your Book must needs delight, but cannot cloy,
Having that great Preservative, Variety.

II.

When *Cowley* dy'd we fondly did conceive,
The Loss so vastly Great, 'twas past retrieve;

The Lover then condemn'd his Lute,
 To be for ever, ever Mute :
 For why the mighty Charmer gone,
 The only Pow'r could influence his Song :
 He'd lost the pretty Arts that please,
 A Virgins tender'st part,
 Those soft becoming words that seize,
 The most unwilling heart :
 Despair and Silence cramp'd his Breast,
 And damn'd him to a dull uneasie Rest.

III.

But *Damon* does his Character renew,
 In him his Flights, his soft Address we view ;
 Lovers no more repine at Fate,
 Nor call their Mistress false, ingrate ;
 Learn by his Verse to raise desire,
 But that as chaste, as Vestal fire :
 For in the whole true Modesty appears,
 Not one lewd Notion to betray his years ;

Nor does his Mistress all the rest excell,
 What e'er he pleases to express
 In whatsoever dress,
 The Beauty's Parallell.

I V.

If Eighteen can produce
 So Gen'rous, so Divine a Muse,
 Think what advantages he has,
 Who starts where others end their race:
 If Youth his worth cannot conceal,
 What Wonders will his riper Years reveal
 Advance, dear *Damon*, as thou hast begun,
 Eternal Musick dwell upon thy Tongue;
 Let no rude cares thy Breast alarm,
 Such as may Sorrow move,
 But keep it always gently warm
 With Poetry and Love.
 And when malicious Fate
 Denies thy Life a longer Date,
 The Change will not be great:

For

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For why? their whole performances above,
Are nothing else but Harmony and Love.

George Smi

St. John's Colledge.

*To my Ingenious Friend Mr. Hawk
shaw, on the Advance of t
Poetry.*

When yet the World was young and M
[ture ne
E'er many Days had sprung from early Dew ;
When Beauty dawn'd, and did first Mankind war
And Love it self was But an Infant Charm :
We boast our Art, co-eval with the Stars,
The Birds first taught it to the wondring Spher
This the first Essay, Man at last was taught,
He adds a Soul, and dresses it in Thought.

707

From

From thence 'twas handed down by rolling Years,
 Th' alloy of Grief and Enemy to Cares;
Homer the Ancient'st, freshest Lawrel wore,
Smith The first Refiner of the Noble Ore;
 Thence many Bards commenc'd, and had their
 From Latin *Virgil* to our English *Ben*. [Reign,
 But when great *Cowley* did the Age allure,
 We fear'd a Zenith, and the Muse Mature;
 But, Sir, We see, 'tis you are born t' improve,
Wk The Pitch of Fancy, and th' Extent of Love.
th To you the Lover will his Altars rear,
 Thank you in Incense for his soft'ned Fair,
 And make you half his Adoration share.
 And No Methinks I see the stubborn *Celia* glow,
 e new And blush, and wonder, what you mean to do;
 ; She fears each Line, yet still reads on and sighs,
 warn She starts! and feels a coming Passion rise,
 And sparkles happy Omens from her Eyes.
 Smooth as the Stroaks of softest *Titian* thows
 phere Each Verse, when how *Adonis* look'd, he shows.
 With such a Style the Noble *Ovid* strove,
 To charm the Heiress of the World to Love.

From The

The Royal Beauty flights an Emp'rour's Frown
 T' admit a Lawrel she contemns a Crown,
 And does a Poet before Monarchs own.
 With such soft Verse he won the mighty fair,
 From Rival Scepters Verse, the Prize does bear
 'Twas great, nor could *Augustus* this exceed,
 Not *Actium* Conquest was a Nobler deed.
 H' enjoys the Princess, and from *Rome* retreats,
 And with a Muse like theirs he charms the re

[ged Ga

H. Den

Trinity Colledge.

To the Ingenious Author, now of the
Colledge in Dublin.

W Hilst thy dear native Soil with smiling
[Face,
Puts forth her Arms to catch the first
[Embrace;
And thy gay Friends in joyfull Tumults throng,
To hear the well known Accents of thy Tongue;
We can't but smile, when we new Pleasures find,
In this fair Off-spring which you left behind.
So kindly brib'd by thy resistless Wit,
We lose your Absence, and our Griefs forget.
Strange! that such tender Years so toughly wear,
So young your self, and yet so tall your Heir:
If forward Nineteen such a Ripeness show,
What Wonders will a well knit Thirty do?
Such was lov'd Cowley's Voice, so young his Pen,
When the fleet Youth assur'd a second Ben:
Such Thoughts did Ovid's angry Stars defeat,
Soft'ning the Malice of the Cold retreat.

Such

Such was your Force, so orderly it broke,
When your Friend lov'd, or drooping Count

[Sp

Pale was her Cheek and doubtfull was her Look
When Wars rough Arms the nodding Island shook
Now the full Streams of Joy around her flow,
Grac'd with their Charge, a welcome Peace a

[Y

Her wither'd Branches gladly sprout again,
Pleas'd to behold her Sons: A darling Train,
That guard her Beauty, and her Glory raise,
They crown'd with Conquest, These adorn w

[Ba

John Norton.

ECLOGA.

In Amici mei Carmina Amatoria.

O Cerebri fœtus diverſi! ô aurea proles!
 O linguæ Numeri dulces! nitidique lepores!
 Ut Cantu vincit ſylvam Philomela loquacem,
 Deſertam & Phæbo Noctem modulamine mulcet;
 Sic victi Druidæ dudum ceſſere Britanni,
 Damonî noſtro, Damon quo Carmine ludit!
 Haud dubitant tenero laurum ſubmittere vales
 Damonî ætate primi prævertitur Ille
 Dii! tamen & tardos longo prior Intervallo
 Antevolât, dum pulchra ineunt certamina verſu.
 Ille animi nobis luctus ſolatur acerbos,
 Neve ullum attingit telum lethale dolorum,
 Sentire attoniti ſolum Damona videmur.

Perge modo Muſis ô ter dilectæ Britannis,
 Claude nec ô Damon rivos, bella horrida, bella

Inf-

xvi

*Insidunt terris, latè tuba vivida Martis
Intonat, & vastis clangoribus æthera complet;
Tu verò cantu potuisti tollere Curas:
Quod cecinit Damon tantà dulcedine captos
Nos tenet, ut Martis tuba jam non verberet aure
Felices solum Damona audire videmur.*

*Perge modo, Musis ô ter dilecte Britannis,
Quem mea Musa feret, semper donabere Versu.
Damona agrestes pueri, innuptæq; puellæ
Cantabunt. Thyrsis coget pecus omne sub umbra,
Damona gracili longè resonabit avenâ.
Narrabit sylvis teneros Amaryllis honores
Amplecti Damona ardens flagrantibus ulnis.
Incipient omnes Damona ambire puellæ,
Perge modo, Musis ô ter dilecte Britannis.*

Culp. Tanne

St. John's Colledge.

ON

K. CHARLES II^ds. Restoration.*A Pindarick Ode.*

I.

TH A T Star whose fable mantle hurl'd,
 Had muff'd up in Clouds the Western world
 Is risen now, and like the Planet Jove,
 Having run out his hidden course above,
 Visits our Gloomy Sphere once more;
 But lo! what does this Herauld bring?
 It brings with safety home an Exil'd King:
 A King whom Heaven lov'd so well,
 Spar'd nor a Miracle
 To bring him to his Native Shore.

I I.

For your Return all Nature seems to be
 In one conspiring Jubilee;

B

'Tis

'Tis hard to know who's most content,
 The People, or the Firmament.
 The floating Castles on the Sea around,
 Dance to their own Trumpets sound;
 The Ships together with the Tide,
 Swell with an unusual pride,
 Whilst some unerring Angels hand
 Moves and directs them to the Promis'd Land.

I I I.

Fair *Albian* stretching out her Arms to thee,
 Implores thy Aid to cure her Leprosie:
 To Thee the drooping heads of State draw nigh
 To bear them up as *Atlas* does the Sky.

Famine, Sword, and Fire,
 The Great Triumvirate of Desolation,
 Did with United Force conspire,
 To Ruine and Destroy the Nation.
 But the good Influence of *Charles* his wane,
 Dispers'd those Mists, and prov'd their final ban.

upon several occasions.

3

I V.

Return then *Charles*, with all the Joy that's due
To the Serenest Peace and You;
The Comet's gone which o'er our Kingdom stood;
And drench'd its Face in Royal Blood;
He that usurp'd your Crown is now no more,
As low in Fortune's Wheel, as high before:

The hungry *Meteor* shall no more feed
On the most precious Oil of *Stuart's* Head,
Who on the Wings of Martyrdom Sh' has flown,
And in Exchange of this got an Immortal Crown.

V.

The *Isthmus* which your Foes have made throw
And walk on Beds of Roses to your Crown, [down;
Kind Heav'n did this sweet Seat of Rest prepare,
To ease your Sorrows, and unbend your Care.

Since You are come

Triumphant Exile home,

Peace in her welcome Streams shall flow,
And kindly chear the *British* World below:

No more the People shall deplore their Fate,
But only grieve this came too late.

*The Dream that Night Limerick
was surrendered.*

MEtoughts I heard the charming Eccho say,
Arise my Love, from hence, and come a-
[way;

Tho' the Waves rowl, the mighty Tempest's done,
And all's concluding with the setting Sun;

I'm come to lead thee to thy Port agen,
And place thee in the lost *Jerusalem*.

At this my feeble Pulse with Joy beat high,
To see my Ancient Paradise so nigh;

Then straight I hois'd up sail, and bore away,
As swift as Eagles when they find a Prey;

Here I presum'd more solid Joys to find,

But Thoughts convey'd me back, tho' 'gainst the
[Wind.

On the Death of the Young Lady I. S.

AND is she gone? Unkind and Cruel Fate!
Thus to deny the best a longer date.
Old Age does your regardless Hand disdain,
Still begs to die, because 't must live in pain:
Too partial Fate! the Noblest first decay,
And Youth the richest Spoil becomes your prey;
Curse on those Stars that did her Life surprize,
And drew the Curtains o'er her brighter Eyes,
Before she wrought, what Nature did design,
When at her Birth, Fate cry'd, the Work is mine.
Her Course scarce finish'd, but she's snatch'd away,
Yet so she finish'd, that she liv'd each day:
Too great a Blessing, to last long, was giv'n,
Green in the Bud, and yet full ripe for Heav'n.
But to what height can I my Temper screw?
To pay, what to thy Life, what to thy Death, is due.
Grief clouds my sadder Mind, when it should be,
As free as unconcern'd, as calm as she.
So like a dying Swan she did expire,
The God's sent for Her to make up their Quire.

*On Dr. G. refreshing himself each
Morning in St. John's Walks.*

WHEN *Phæbus* did his gilded Arms display
And shot the *Phyithon* with the Darts of Day,
The Skies were frightned, and the People run
To see the Conquest of the New-born Sun;
Ev'n so the *Cambridge* Vapours at thy Sight,
Clear up a-while, and change their grosser Light.
The Charming *Syrens* of the Air combine,
To elevate those nobler Thoughts of thine:
From Noise, from Trouble, and from Business free
Scorning the World, tho' it admires thee;
Happier than Kings in this secure retreat,
Free from those Troubles that attend the great;
Here thy sereneſt-Breast no Tumult finds,
Calm as *Elyſium* which is void of Winds.
In ſuch bleſt Solitude of Old as this,
Jacob was honour'd with a Scene of bliſs.
The ſmiling Violet, and the Lawrel-Tree,
Think it an Honour to be pluck'd by thee;

For

upon several occasions.

7

For since from thee they Life and Vigour have,
They don't repine thy Hand shou'd be their Grave.
Thrice happy ! For if Angels were to change their
[Bliss,
They'd scorn a spangl'd Crown, but value this.

The Good-Fellow.

I.

L Et's drink and revel whilst we may,
And wisely prop our nodding Fate ;
The eager Minutes fly away,
And then alas ! 'twill be too late.

II.

Egypt is fruitful still the more
The Channel of their *Nile* runs high,
But when she leaves the beaten shore,
The Meadows seem to *rine* and die.

B 4

III. Na-

III.

Nature is constant still in this,
 The very Gods themselves wou'd think
 Their Life but an imperfect bliss,
 Had they not nobler Wine to drink.

IV.

The *Indian* Princes scarce are found
 But in their drunken Fits to play,
 Like their great God they still go round,
 And rise much fresher ev'ry day.

*On a Friend who desir'd me to make
 a Copy of Verses on his Name.*

HAD I the Pencil of *Vandike* to grace
 Each killing Feature of thy lovely Face,
 The Piece should speak the Dictates of my Mind,
 To better Rules of Art, than now confin'd.
 But why should I wish for his Pencil here?
 Poets with Painters in this Office share.

Thy

XUM

Thy very Looks whilst I gaze on controul
 All the Joint Pow'rs of my wav'ring Soul,
 Whilst you but smile and in your Chair sit still
 The Members disobey the Master's Will
 For where such Clusters of Perfections sit,
 Each would suffice to raise the Ghost of Wit.
 Than this what can a better Topick be,
 To convince Atheists there's a Deity?
 Return my Muse and let thy Crystal Stream,
 Flow to the Fountain-head from whence it came;
 Stop not so soon, but with a Noble Grace
 Describe the *Hero's* Name as well as Face;
Jove's Ganymed let down from Beams on high,
 To tell us, that the Poets did not lie;
 So graceful in Discourse, as that you'd swear
 He'd brought the Manners of the Angels here;
 So amorous, so gay, his Life does prove,
 You'd think him brought up in the School of Love.
 'Twas never known at once that Nature meant
 To mould a Subject, and an Accident.

Thy

Thy Name and Nature do so well agree,
 Thy Name another Nature seems to be,
 And as we read we make it out in thee.
 The Letters to the Humour's so well set,
 They show the brightest in the Alphabet.
 Names may be chang'd, and many often do,
 But to change thine's to change your Nature too
 Thy Name and Nature constitute a Bliss,
 Nothing but *Love* sure had a hand in this;
 Thy Name by mortal Man was never giv'n,
 But in a New-years-gift was sent from Heav'n.

*An Allusion to Claudian's Epigram
 on Archimedes's Sphere.*

When *Jove* beheld the vast ætherial World
 In the small Compass of a Machine

[hurl'd]

He smil'd, then turning to the Gods, said he,
 The Apish World pretends to copy me;

The Laws of Nature so exactly giv'n,
As if that Man had travell'd once in Heav'n.

Against Knowledge.

I.

IF none but Fools which are in Errour blest,
Can truly here be said to hope for rest;
Why do I then pursue, and try
To read the Volumes of Philosophy?
I say they're gaudy Non-sence all,
And do like Flowers in the Autumn fall;
There is no Knowledge in this World below,
For all we've read, we scarce our selves can know.

II.

The thoughtless Man is never wrack'd by Cares,
Tho' the Storm rise he entertains no fears,
On any thing he can take hold,
He cares not for the sparkling Gold,

He

He never does the Metal flight,
 So that his *Cæsar's* Image be on it;
 Altho' the Bark's but small, the Bottom's sound,
 And tho' he sleeps, she'll never run aground.

III.

The Man that did to high rais'd Sence pretend,
 Confess'd that after all it had no End,
 So much deceiv'd, he did repine,
 So lavishly he'd spent his time,
 Vowing that nothing here below,
 Brought so much Sorrow, as this thing to know,
 But we, as foolish Gamesters use to do,
 Still know the Trick, yet still are cheated too,

IV.

The *Stagirite* who knew all Nature's Laws,
 Prov'd the first Martyr in this silly Cause;
 But thou my Soul, with what thou'st seen
 Sit down, ne'er go behind the Screen
 Of Nature, for the Cause of things,
 T'observe the Motions, and the hidden Springs:

Aspir

Aspire not too high ; if you'll improve
Your Time, be sure to spend it all in Love.

Translated from the Italian Poet
Sannazarius.

When Neptune saw the Virgin Venice stand
Fix'd in the Waves, and give the Sea
[command,
Now, Jove, says he, shall Rome compare with this?
Rome which you brag's the Worlds Metropolis ;
Look first on this, proud Jove, then that of thine,
That built by Men, this built by hands Divine.

An

*An Apology for Rome in Answer to
that from Venice, translated from
a Latin Copy.*

WHen *Rome* had brought the neighbouring
[Kingdoms down,
And made the Empire of the World her own,
The Sea to *Tybur* did Obedience pay,
And *Rome* her self the Universe did sway:
'Tis scarce worth bragging to relate she stands
Secure, first founded by Diviner hands;
This rises to a Pitch more high, to say
The Gods themselves durst not but *Rome* obey.

A Morning's Thought.

I.

WHY should I grovel here below?
Mistake that hopeful Bliss to come?
At shadows grasp, as Heathens do,
And never think of future Doom?

II. No,

II.

No, I will break this House of Clay,
Which clogs my fleeter Thoughts and Mind,
My Guardian Angel bids away,
Where I Eternal Bliss may find.

III.

While like the Lark I upwards fly,
And leave this cloudy Magick Sphere,
A Weight of Joys I there descry,
And Streams of Happiness appear.

IV.

Triumphant in this State I'll be,
Enjoy the Mansions of the Blest,
I'll gaze upon the Deity,
The very inmost Point of Rest.

To

To Mr. J. C. sometime School-Master in Dublin.

With how much Wisdom you correct our [Crime
 Laying in store against the future Time
 You pluck those Weeds which in our Garden grow
 Then Seeds of Virtue you begin to sow;
 What greater Gifts could be bestow'd and giv'n?
 At once you both oblige our Earth and Heav'n;
 You've Conquer'd all the Science that's below,
 You study now to make us Live and Know.

Melancholy.

When all was silenc'd, and in Peace was [la
 When ev'n Revenge some Rest did enter [ta
 The God of Sleep did then my Soul surprize,
 And cover'd with a Veil my wearied Eyes,

The happiest Minute of Repose to me,
 Which from this living Death could set me free.
 But when *Apollo* re-salutes our Sphere,
 Driving his Chariot through the travell'd Air,
 My Pains that slept a-while, begin to rise
 And ev'ry Ray that's darted, wracks mine Eyes.
 The loathsome Light my active Globes confound,
 And ev'ry rising Sun renews the Wound.
 The fetter'd Slaves the Light are glad to see,
 Which for a-while diverts their Misery,
 Sure then the World was made for all but me.
 My poignant Pains do on the Sun attend,
 To whatsoever Tropick he does bend,
 And tho' my dismal Thoughts like Planets rove,
 Yet in one *Vortex* with the Sun they move,
 His Influence creates new Pains, new Woe,
 As the Moon makes the Waters ebb and flow.
 But when *Sol's* Couriers do begin to cool
 Their flaming Nostrils in the Crystal Pool,
 My Flames abate and to the Waters run,
 That they with greater Vigour may return.

Oh strange! how much dismay'd I am to see,
 A Chain of Miseries entail'd on me,
 That glorious Light which all the World does prize
 Doth cast a Cloud of Sorrow on my Eyes;
 The worst of *Adam's* Sons, the only Heir,
 Born to be tortur'd by the Weight of Care.

On a Bee.

I.

THou pretty sweet laborious Bee,
 That suck'st the blooming Flowers fair
 By intellectual Chymistry,
 And by thy Notes canst ease thy Care.

II.

Did but the whole World copy thee,
 And search the Secrets of thy Art,
 In thee 'twould find a Treasury,
 Beyond what Logick can impart.

III. This

III.

This stately Edifice of thine
Where Nature and her Sweets do stand,
Is so transcendent and divine,
It speaks an over-ruling hand.

Pre-existence.

Condemn'd in this dark Prison must I here,
Watch till the Trumpet strike mine Ear?
Must I ne'er know thy Goodness and thy Love,
Because I did transgress thy Will above?
Must Clouds and Vapours still obscure my Mind?
Must I to this dark Sphere be thus confin'd?
No, no, I will launch out, and wing away,
Into the Regions of a brighter Day.
Some Glances of a State that's past I find,
Take up the Corners of my thoughtful Mind,
As cover'd Embers when they're blown, create
Flame, and represent my former State.

The Flashings of such Joy do strike so strong
 My Temples, that I can't endure it long,
 I must dissolve and in these Thoughts expire,
 And like the Prophet's Coach ascend in Fire.

The Enjoyment.

I.

Water'd with Heav'ns Dew I sit and sing,
 Laughing at those who're over-whelm'd
 [with Care]

Of bliss I have an inexhausted Spring,
 Which makes me young, as Age my Life impair

II.

I neither pine nor languish in my Rage,
 Tho' I have scarce one single Spot of Ground;
 Some with vast Lands drag on a sullen Age,
 And their proud Thoughts no Limits e'er ha
 [found]

III. The

III.

That Pearl which *Cleopatra* swallow'd down,
Crowding whole Kingdoms in one single
[draught,
Advanc'd not *Anthony* to the *Roman* Crown,
But poyson-like Death and Destruction
[wrought.

IV.

Tho' they lay prostrate on the Beds of Sence,
Yet Stings like Vipers on their Bosom lay,
That suck'd out all which Nature did dispence,
Till they consum'd and wasted quite away.

V.

Riches like Spirits when we grasp, retreat,
Pleasure's a Blossom of the glorious Morn,
Throne's a gilded Trifle, Honours Seat,
These are the Blessings which the World adorn.

VI.

But since these swift wing'd Creatures make away,
And I from all the World no pleasure have,

Since they play Tricks, I'll like a Wife-man say
 There's no Enjoyment found this side the Gra

VII.

The younger Brother's in a happy State
 Did he what Part he was to act but know ;
 Sleep on my Stars for I can rule my Fate,
 And be a King if I'll but think it so.

*On a Fly that was drown'd in a Lady's
 Mouth.*

HOW durst thou leave thy little home,
 Presumptuously to dare thy doom ?
 Or would'st thou revel in the Air ?
 Half drunk with sipping Flowers fair,
 And seek out for a Place of Rest
 Until the Morn, to ease thy Breast ;
 Was it thy Pride to mount so high ?
 To perish bravely in the Sky ?

Or did'st thou think to rival all ?
To out-do *Phaeton* in his fall ?
'Twas nobly done, and thou shalt be
Talk'd of by Posterity :
Thy fellow Creatures that survive may have
Ignoble life, but thou a Noble grave.

On the River Cam.

With what sweet Streams the River *Cam*
[does glide,
And clasps his Daughter in on ev'ry side ;
Others perhaps by Traffick, Riches vent,
But this brings Peace the sweetest Ornament :
Some do advance the natural Strength of Towns,
And are like Battlements to falling Crowns ;
Yet this does flourish in a glorious State,
When they lie conquer'd by the Hand of Fate.
In Winter you supply our Wants, and now
Pay Tribute to the Muse's pleasure too.

The Trees do flourish in such Order here,
 As they were plac'd by *Orpheus's* tuneful Lyre;
 And if the Sun his scorching Beams display,
 Here is a Refuge from the Heat of Day;
 Had *Phœbus* ever *Cam's* great Virtue known,
 He'd fix'd his Muses in the Neighb'ring Town;
Cam is the greatest Blessing in our Eyes,
 He makes us happy, and he makes us wise.

The Retirement.

I.

Hail ye dear Groves, and silent Plains,
 Void of loud Tumult, Care and Strife;
 Here let me leave the last Remains,
 The Burthen of a troubl'd Life.

II.

Lodg'd by the Murmurs of a Stream,
 Let my loose Thoughts be scar'd away,
 Bent on no idle wand'ring Theme,
 But to refine this House of Clay.

III. L

III.

Let Visions of Seraphick Light
My soaring Fancy entertain,
Rais'd to a much more noble Height,
Of Pleasure from so blest a Scene.

IV.

Flush'd with the Prospect of that State,
Let me despise the World's decoys,
Those formal Idols of the great,
And fix upon more solid joys.

On Musick.

Mongst all the Blessings that on Life attend,
'Mongst all the Blessings that the Gods
[can send,
No Joy, no Bliss, my sullen Heart can find,
Musick alone inflames my drooping Mind;
Nay, she would mount her Wings, and fly away,
Nor be confin'd to this dull Lump of Clay,

Did

Did not the Charms of Musick most divine
 Unite, and things so wide, so close combine.
 I wonder where's the Fountain of this bliss,
 If Heav'ns Joy be here on Earth, 'tis this.
 Nay, without this the very Gods would be
 As much dissatisfied with Life, as we.
 What complicated Wonders in thee shine!
 The God-head is by thee made more divine.
 Could the Gods secret Whispers reach mine Ear,
 When I at their Tribunal shou'd appear;
 My panting Breath with Musick shou'd keep time
 And with her latest Breath I'd yield up mine;
 I fear I should dissolve for very Joy,
 For Bliss it self o'er-charg'd can Life destroy.

On the Preservation of the Library in
Dublin-College.

When all was buried in one common Fate
 And made a Victim to the Popish State

Some kinder Angel there did Centry stand,
And with his Sword did guard the Muses Land;
Land which no Tribute to her Monarch pays,
But that of Homage, Reverence and Praise.
How oft did these destructive Men conspire,
To set the Temples of the Gods on fire? -
But some preventing Wonder still came in,
Which blasted the Design, but not the Sin.
Often the Jesuits did their Lords address,
They might obtain our Wits *Metropolis*;
Another Party full as strong put in,
And claim'd as theirs, our Learnings Magazin;
But held by hands Divine, our *Pantbeon* flood,
And bravely rode between two Seas of Blood.
The *French* as often strove to steer this Ark,
Where all the *Irish* Science did Embark
To their own Coast, but all they did in vain,
Some Eastern Wind still drove her back again;
And having now escap'd th' intended Doom,
In pomp Sh' out-bravesthe Vatican of *Rome*.

Tu

Tu ne quæsieris, *out of* Hor.
Paraphras'd.

SEARCH not how far wise *Homer's* Chain can go,
 Whose Motion rules the infant World below
 On this the Fabrick of the World depends,
 And when *Jove* speaks, our Life begins or ends.
 Pray use no Spells, nor on the Planets call
 To tell you when the hopeful Tree may fall ;
 The Gods don't think it fit that Man shou'd look
 Into the Leaves of Fates mysterious Book ;
 Be wise, I say, take off that Glas of Wine,
 The Sun perhaps again may never shine ;
 Live whilst you may divest your Life of Sorrow,
 And trust not to the Fool's Put-off to Morrow.

The Meditation.

I.

WHEN Reason with her Robes ascends the
 [Throne
 And wisely all my scatter'd Thoughts calls home
 The

The Messenger is so divine,
Unto her Laws I must resign,
For should I let these Thoughts but rove
They'd fix upon Tyrannick Love;
They'd transcend all the Bounds of Air,
And like a blazing Comet wou'd inflame my Sphere.

I I.

The main Spring of my Passion's rais'd so high,
I fear 'twill break, e'er 'twill comply;
Some pure ætherial Flame
Must melt this haughty Frame;
For should I like the Earths bold Son
Aspire, the Gods would send me down;
In this low Element I'd rather die,
Than suffer shipwreck in the floating Sky.

III.

I know that Pride's the bane of things,
And buries in the Earth the Crowns of Kings;
The Angels fell by this,
From that Eternal bliss.

Babel

Or knew I when the Weights of Time,
Would tumble, and this World decline;
Yet after all, what would my purchase be,
Should I be lost for ever in a sad Eternity?

VI.

Farewel Ambition and your gaudy Train,
I'll never climb to be thrown down again;
What-ever Vanities may lay,
As Nets of Pleasure in my way,
Like *Hannibal*
I'll tread them down, and cut through all:
For since no Pleasure can be found
In the most beauteous Spot of Ground,
By humble Thoughts my Fate I'll prove,
Which leads me as a Star to the blest Seats above.

On the Popish Conspiracy.

O H dismal Scene! the Fiends and Furies now
Are Doves in Treachery compar'd with you.
What

What but the Spawn of Hell cou'd thus design,
Our Worlds great Ruine with the Royal Line ?
Had not that Eye, and Heav'ns peculiar Care
Brought forth to Light what cunning Jesuits dare
Had this prov'd well their Malice struck so high,
They would endeavour to invade the Sky.
The Poets dream't, and 'twas a Dream, as old,
The Northern World was still benumb'd with cold
But to our cost we find, tho' there's small Sun,
Yet Streams of Heat do through her Bowels run ;
Here do the Popes the Devils Chymists play,
And blow the treach'rous Fire night and day,
Which springs from pious Zeal which warms them
[fo
And yet keeps Commerce with the World below ;
Who'd think the Popes that sit in *Peter's* Chair,
Should open Hell to send the Furies here ?
'Twas to repay their Master's vast Arrears,
Who serv'd their Interest for many Years ;
And bravely done, it shall through Age to come
Stand sacred in the Lists of Hell and *Rome*.

upon several occasions.

33

On the Shortness of Man's Life.

I.

THE Lamp of Life decays each Minute
[more,
The better Substance's so far gone,
The Flames the outward Case feed on;
Who then can our lost Oil restore?
Time does and will on all things prey;
So hungry that at last, 'twill eat it self away.

II.

Some matter still the blazing Sun supplies,
And satisfies that greedy Flame,
Tho' he still wastes he's still the same,
Feeding on all th' adjacent Skies;
But when Man's press'd below the Line,
He never sees again his Native Clime.

III.

Swift as the Wind his Life runs fleeting on,
Hurried by the Bent of Tide,
In *Charon's* Boat to th' other Side,
Before he knows his Life is gone;

D

So

So bad his Inn, so short his Age,
He doubts if e'er he'd been upon the Stage.

IV.

'Tis vain to boast with Pride, he's Fortunes heir,
That strength and pow'r from her is giv'n
To bribe the Messengers of Heav'n,
Seeing the fatal Day's so near :
So with these Fools blind Fortune plays,
And whilst she smiles, unravels all their days.

V.

He lives a Nestor's Age, who lives this Day,
And with each setting Sun
His Stage in doing well has run,
And trifles not his Time away ;
The best the longest Livers prove,
And he is best who spends it most in Love.

upon several occasions.

35

*A Dialogue between Reason and the
Inferior Powers.*

Reason. **W**Hat Tumult's here within? what
[Storms are these?

I fear they are my home-bread Enemies.
I scarce have leasure to bewail my Fate,
Th' unruly Faction presses on the Gate:
Was ever Monarch so disturb'd as I? [nigh;
My Thoughts so dark, I'm sure some Storm is
What Rebel leads this stubborn Faction on,
Guards, Guards, or else I'm lost and quite un-
[done?

Where's Man's Prerogative? his best defence,
Alas, must truckle to the sway of sence;
I'm like a Captive Monarch bound in Chains,
I bear the Title, but the People reigns.

use. If you're unhappy, overcharg'd with Woe,
Blame your own Choice, not us, that made
[you so;

If you let loose to Pleasure and Delight,
 You rob your self of your undoubted Right ;
 If you with Prudence would your Pow'r main-
 [tain,

We should live happy, and you happy reign :
 But you dissolv'd, melting in Pleasures lie,
 And like the *Phoenix* in your Spices fry ;
 On your account our State to Ruine goes,
 And sinks much faster than it ever rose.

Reas. Alas! Suppose I have not govern'd well,
 Must you on that take Arms, and then rebel ?
 Princes are not confin'd to Laws, not I
 For ev'ry thing I do shall tell you why ;
 My Pow'r is from *Jove's* transcendent Throne,
 My Patent's good ; I'll rule and act alone.

Inse. See how the haughty Monarch swells with
 [Pride

Thinking all Power to his Crown's ally'd ;
 Nay, we our selves, and our Commission too
 Derive our Power from Heav'n as well as you
 Tho

Tho' Monarch of the lesser World you be,
Yet we are Brothers of that Family,
And when the Elder's mad, or proves a Drone,
'Tis fit that we should step into his Throne.

Reas. I'm now well satisfied why you complain,
You think you're injur'd 'cause you cannot
[reign :

You're only envious at the Crown I wear,
You fain would revel in a higher Sphere :
But I'm resolv'd I'll curb your Faction so,
Like *Joseph's* Slaves hereafter you shall bow ;
And where so e'er my Man of War you see,
Be sure you lowre your bending Flag to me.

Contentedness.

I Thank the Gods that in a Sphere I move
Secure, but subject to the Darts of Love ;
I soar not on those Heights where Envy reigns
But with Humility I court the Plains.

Must I complain the Stars prove cross to me,
 'Cause I was born in such a low Degree?
 Must I expect a Tribute from the West,
 'Cause *Alexander* conquer'd all the East?
 Methinks I see *Sejanus* in the Clouds,
 Throng'd for a-while by the adoring Crouds;
 Upon the waxen Wings of Fame he flies,
 And darkens with his Train the glorious Skies:
 Thus like a Vapour he ascends in pain,
 But like a condens'd Cloud falls down again;
 The great 'cause, Fortune's blind, her Pow'r despise
 But in her Kingdom she has *Argus* Eyes.

The Call.

I.

PEace ye imperious Charms of Love,
 Peace ye sweet *Sirens* of the Air,
 Not all your melting Notes can move
 My fleeting Soul, or keep it here.

II.

Diviner Eccho's bid me go
To the refreshing Fields of Light,
Altho' the Air is gross below,
Yet nothing shall retard my flight.

III.

Lo! now I mount, and as I rise,
Successive Scenes of new Delight
Prepare my weaker Mortal Eyes
To gaze on the Eternal Light.

From the Italian Poets.

The Birth-Day.

BRing me *Aurelius*, bring me Wine,
Roses about my Temples twine,
Make me a shady Grove which may
Damp the too pow'rful Heat of Day;
I hate a splendid House, a Noble Seat,
These are the Trappings of the Great;

Come let us sit along the Ground,
 And let the Glas go freely round:
 So when I've fairly drank my share,
 In slumbers I will drown my Care;
 Thus I'll carouse and banish Sorrow,
 Who knows if he shall live to Morrow?
 'Tis wise to revel whilst we may,
 Since Youth and Beauty fly away.

The Indifferency.

WHo's Emperour, who's Pope, I'm not con-
 [cern'd,
 I care not how the Helm of State is turn'd;
 The Planet of my Days did ne'er design
 A Crown for me, then why should I repine?
 Nay, were we born insulting Monarchs all;
 For something more unto the Gods we'd call?
 [say,
 Grant that they would our Vows compleat, and
 Chuse ev'ry Man and ask now when you may;
 On

On greater Terms these fickle Men would stand,
No place can fill their Minds, but *Jove's* Right-
[hand.

O Vanity so weak that mounts so high,
That must as surely fall as you and I!
The partial Sea wracks their poor Ships alone,
They prosper scarce abroad, and scarce at home :
For whilst on Pinacles of great Renown
They sit, they're seen a-while, then tumble down,
In building Monuments they spend their days,
And then gape for, the Poet's *Manna*, praise.
Methinks against the Gates of these I see
Death coming on with her Artillery,
Whilst the Fam'd *Scipio* walks in his own Fields,
Improving by his Art, what Nature yields;
So taken up with these, that 'tis in vain,
To strive to hale him to his Crown again.
Learn then my Soul, on Heav'n to fix your Eye,
Resolve to live, as you resolve to die;
Ask of the Gods what's meet, that you may have
A quiet Cottage, and a silent Grave;

Venture

Venture not far into the dangerous deep,
 But on the Land an Equal prospect keep;
 The Ship is weak and small wherein we fail,
 And at the Mercy of each conqu'ring Gale:
 The Umbrage of a Middle-state I'll prize,
 In peace I'll live, in peace I'll close my Eyes.

The Hermit.

I.

A Way from me ye fulsome Joys, away,
 Make to some outward World, I say,
 I'm cloy'd, I'll see your Face no more,
 You're Idols all, your Cheats I'll ne'er adore.

II.

I'm now so well acquainted with you all,
 I'll never listen to your Call;
 I'll like *Ulysses* stop mine Ears,
 And never hear the *Syren's* Charming Pray'rs.

III. My

III.

My eager Spirit longs to disengage
Her Powers from this worldly Cage,
I'll for no Heav'nly Convoy stay,
But fly and hasten on the Wings of Day.

IV.

No blest Contentment can with-hold my Mind,
Eden it self is leis refin'd,
Were all the Universe my Seat,
'Twould never please me, tho' it made me great.

V.

To some dark silent Vault I will repair,
Black as these Thoughts and Sorrows are,
Where Monarchs are in Peace laid down,
Conquer'd by Burthens that attend a Crown.

VI.

Here Hell it self shall not my Soul molest,
Nor fill with anxious Cares my Breast,
From Noise and Trouble here I'll cease,
And keep one Sabbath of Eternal peace.

*On the King's landing at Harwich,
after he had been expos'd to many
Dangers in his Voyage to Hol-
land.*

AS the glad *Persians*, so the *Britains* run
To pay their Homage to the Rising-sun ;
While Streamers and the swelling Sails foretel,
Our dread *Augustus* is both safe and well :
See on the silver Billows how they ride,
Having so great a Charge they swell with Pride,
Hoping some Midwife land would come so near,
To take their Lord, and ease their Pious fear.
With what full Joy does the glad Court embrace
The Kingdom's Glory, and the Nation's Peace ?
Our Lives, our Fortunes, at your Seat we throw,
A Complement to some, a Debt to you.
The sacred Wishes which we kept in store,
Contribute nothing to your Welfare more ;
Loud in your Praise the well-throng'd People show,
The Gods attend our *Cæsar* here below.

When

When first he to the welcome Shore repair'd,
He bravely dar'd that Death which all else fear'd;
And when the Tempest rose, there was no place
For vulgar Paleness in a Kingly face:
Dark was the Cov'ring which the Seas o'er-spread,
The Stars his Lamps, the restless Waves his Bed;
Tho' Nature shew'd the ugliest Face of Night,
His very Looks supply'd the absent Light.
Go on Auspicious Prince, thy Life will raise
An Everlasting Monument of Praise,
And where thy Standards shall in pomp display,
Thy Enemies shall tremble, fear, obey:
Peace, Happiness, and all the Gods can send,
Shall on your Kingdom, and your Court attend;
Your Counsel is from *Jove's* transcendent Throne,
By which you rule, and conquer all alone.

On

On Dr. G. Reducing the Years to Terms, which were requisite for them who took their Bachelours Degree.

Pindarick.

I.

BE gone dull lazy Fame, why dost thou stay ;
 Exalt him on the Wings of day ;
 Speak with as many Tongues, as there shall be
 Kingdoms or Nations to be taught by thee ;
 Inform the World what's done,
 What Course is taken here at home,
 To stock the World with learned Men,
 Tell it them o'er and o'er agen.
 Here *Solomon* is born once more,
 Who shall our lost and sleeping Wit restore ;
 And if a Profelyte shall from a-far,
 Point to the West, be thou his leading Star.

II. Since

II.

Since the unhappy Fall

A Curse has been entail'd on all,

Like younger Brothers w're oblig'd to share

Th' Estate of Learning, tho' the whole's but small;

But to our great Professor's Chair

All Learning is ally'd, and claims the Throne,

As a vast *Species* alone.

Happy I am that I was born to see

The *Phoenix*, sitting on his spicy Tree.

Noah restor'd the delug'd World,

Who suffer'd Shipwrack in their Houses, hurl'd

By one common Fate, but *Gower* alone is he

Who Paradise when lost, restor'd the Tree;

The Tree of Knowledge mighty fair,

As what's engrafted on, must surely bear.

III.

Before you came the Oracles were silent all,

None ever by this way did call;

Wit in Consumption was, and ev'ry Clown

With Liberty cou'd wear a Scholar's Gown.

A Souldier could enlist his Name,
 And fly to Wars from which he lately came,
 A Lure cou'd call them all away, [day
 'Twas four Years space at last that Crown'd the
 But you, *Lycurgus*, like do now restore
 Much more than what we ever lost before;
 You are our *Athen's* Prop, our *Muses's* Friend,
 A happier Gift the Gods could never send.

The Golden-Age.

IN pious Times of Old, in *Saturn's* Reign,
 Wherein no Strife, no Envy, no Disdain,
 Defac'd the Colour of that Candid Throne,
 Where Innocence unrivald sat alone;
 Where no forc'd Laws were in his Kingdom found,
 Before Ambition did divide the Ground:
 Virtue did then her brightest Light bestow,
 And sway'd the Motions of this World below.
 But since she did her Face unkindly shrow'd
 Behind the Curtains of a sable Cloud:

Then

Then Envy sprung those Vipers which did prey,
On Innocence and Virtue Night and Day :
Then she gave Laws to all the World beside,
Taught Avarice to flow with ev'ry Tide ;
Into the Bowels of their State, which then
Debauch'd the wisest and the best of Men ;
The World in Sin grew older ev'ry Day,
And upstart Lights new Converts did convey
To unknown Lands, where as they came and spread,
Vice did in Triumph shew her daring head :
I long to see the Threads of Time full spun,
Hoping the Golden-Age may then come on ;
But oh, 'tis vain to think 'twill e'er fall out,
Till *Plato's* mighty Year shall wheel about.

The Recantation.

I.

I Now, good Sir, present my humble Muse,
Clad in those Mournings which her self did

[chuse,

E

The

The fittest Garment for so foul a Sin,
Her treacherous Bosome once conceiv'd within ;
But tho' she Mourns, she thinks her Pennance due,
And courts her Sentence if it comes from you.

II.

A speaking Sadness in her Looks she wears,
And like a frantick Sybil writes in Tears ;
Whole Clouds of Grief around her Temples play,
And damp the Fierceness of the rising Day ;
Like tortur'd Men upon the Wrack she stands,
Begging a swift Reprieve from your kind Hands.

III.

Ah foolish Creature now thy Wit's betray'd,
Th' unhappiest Sally that you ever made ;
How durst you strike at an Almighty's Throne,
Hurl'd by some Evil Genius of your own ?
For the forc'd Praises of a Worthless she,
To rob the Treasure of Divinity.

IV.

Had you been wise and coasted well the Shore,
You might with Safety seen already o'er ;
But when you strive to shoot the Gulph, you find
A Chain of Dangers wait and slay behind ;
'Tis hard upon the floating Waves to stand,
Unless supported by th' Almighty hand.

V.

I might have travell'd in this Sea of Pride, [Tide ;
Had you not check'd the Waves, and stopp'd the
By your wise Counsels I am warm'd within,
Like Ordeal-fire they have purg'd my Sin ;
So when benighted Pilgrims lose their way,
They bless the Star that ushers in the Day.

VI.

I know the Blackness of that ugly Piece,
Struck much more high than ever *Rome* or *Greece* ;
I'll stand my Post, and never more submit
To the vain Tyrannies of foolish Wit :

And all that's lost I shall retrieve again ;
 For when the Act of Folly's finish'd clean,
 What should the Poet do, but shift the Scene ?

From Sannarius.

On a Trojan Lady.

STop whoso'er thou art that passest by,
 Poor *Maximilla* in this Vault does lie ;
 With her the Beauty of the World expires,
 Her amorous Passions, and her gentle Fires ;
 The fatal *Clotho* did this Tomb prepare
 To ease her Troubles, and interr her Care :
 The Fates her Friends no Nuptial Favours gave,
 But the sad Cypress that attends the Grave ;
 You see, my Friend, all's subject to decay,
 And you perhaps must the next Call obey :
 All the rare Beauties that invest the Ball,
 Must in their timely Autumn flag and fall ;

Here the Original of Sweetness lies,
Her Body fades, her Virtue never dies ;
Lamented by the amorous Boy,
Lamented by the Maids of *Troy*.

*On the unhappy State of Ireland,
by reason of the Civil War.*

Pindarick.

I.

UNhappy Kingdom how thou'rt toss'd about,
Since the first Sailors found thee out!
That Peace which did the World forsake,
And thither did her private Voyage make,
Hoping to build her Nest
In Privacy and Rest,
Is now disturb'd and doom'd to be
Like wand'ring *Cain*, shut out of all Prosperity.

II.

How art thou chang'd unhappy Isle!
 Now all thy Tenants are become Exile;
 In Plagues more fruitful than the River *Nile*:
 Surely Another *Aaron's* Rod,
 Mov'd by the Anger of a Hebrew God;
 Threatens the Kingdom's Fate, at whose Command
 Obedient Evils over-flow the Land.

III.

The Riches of the World beside
 Of old flow'd in to thee with ev'ry Tide,
 As high as *Egypt's* Pyramids in Pride:
 Learning and Force did thee compose
 As Soul, and Body us;
 But yet thy Noble and Majestick State,
 Made thee an easier Prey for Fate,
 I fear too soon thy Ruine, and thy Rise too late.

IV. Thou

IV.

Thou like an Empty hulk at Sea,
Void of a Pilot doest the Winds obey,
Thy valued Lading thrown away:
Pitied by thy Neighbours all,
Thou floatest and wandrest on the watry Ball;
Sad as the Place where *Vulcan* fell,
Doom'd only by the Gods to make a Hell.

V.

But since thou'rt sunk so low into the Main,
May *Phæbus* raise his *Delos* once again:
May all the Pow'rs above,
Make thee once more the Isle of Love;
May no *Egyptian* Darkness rear
Her footy Wings to cloud this Air;
May all thy Cares and Storms dissolve away,
And rise thou bright and happy ev'ry Day.

Discontent.

THE twinkling Stars that gild the Night,
And chequer Blackness with their Light,
Are in their State more blest than I :
They can revel in their Sphere,
And in their Rounds take pleasure there,
Whilst here I pine and die.

The Jolly Sun at ev'ry stage,
With Liquor does his Thirst assuage,
And in his State's more blest than I :
Alike he rises ev'ry Day ;
Buxome, pleasant, fresh, and gay,
Whilst here I pine and die.

Fair *Cynthia* never goes to bed
Without *Endymion* at her Head ,
And in her State's more blest than I :
Fresh with the Joys of Love,
She re-salutes the Stars above,
Whilst here I pine and die.

The Consolation.

Pine not too much, my Soul, nor mourn,
'Cause in this World you're left alone ;
Hereafter you will have,
A much more noble Prize than they,
Who only on their Pleasures prey,
A Crown the other side the Grave.

The vain Desire to be great,
Is real hunger, but delusive Meat ;
They never stand to see
The Precipice that's coming on,
Till they are lost and quite undone,
And bury'd in Eternity.

These common and vexatious Cares,
Which trouble and enlarge our Fears,
Can ne'er the good annoy ;
For should that sink into the Main,
There's one can buoy thee up again,
And crown thee with Eternal joy.

On

*On the Death of the most Renown'd
Pierce Brackenbury Doctour of
Physick, and Senior Fellow of St
John's.*

Pindarick.

I.

AS *Perfians* when their Monarch dies,
Provide no cheap Solemnities;
On Piles as Noble as his old abode,
The Embalm'd Body of the Prince is laid,
Convey'd in spicy *Atoms* to the Skies,
And there ador'd like the great Sun their God;
So we, great Soul, dare not prophane,
With common Elegies thy sacred Name;
In such high Strains we ought to sing,
As *Cowley* did the Glories of the Hebrew King;
Strains which the *Muses* owe,
For all the good you 'mparted here below,
A Tribute which is due,
Since we receiv'd our second Birth from you,
Our *Athen's* Healer and Instructor too.

II. Pa

I I.

Pale envious Death could you not spare a-while,
The *Æsculapius* of the *British* Isle?
But she was Conscious, if You'd liv'd much more,
You'd bauk'd her Appetite in ev'ry Prey,
Which she expected to have snatch'd before,
(Growing much wiser ev'ry Day ;)
So well acquainted with our State below,
I dare not say you have Addition now :
Nor was your Care and Labour less,
You did your utmost Skill engage
To prop the ruines of decaying Age.
Had you in former Times been known,
When Gods did frequently come down
To visit, and to talk with Men,
On ev'ry Altar you had seen,
Which the more Zealous People raise,
Continual Vows and Offerings of Praise.

III.

Methinks I see the Angels bear
Thy Soul a-long the liquid Air,

Whither

Whither St. *Luke*, and all the Rings
Of Seraphins in Robes of Light appear,
Rejoycing you at last are come
Unto your blessed Ancient home :
And if Physicians cannot bear the Load
Of Flesh, but struggle still to get away
From the Confinement of this Cage of Clay,
Why should this Place be our Abode ?
Can we not borrow Wings
From Virtue ? Aiming at things above,
Where we shall feed on Angel's *Manna*, Love ;
Surely the Place is fine, since he,
Tho' he could cure his own Defect,
Yet out of cold Respect
To Earthly joys, forsakes the Realms of our Mor-

[tality.

On C

upon several occasions.

61

On the Earl of Danby's courageous
Enterprise at La-Hogue, who
set the French Ships on fire.

Return with all the Triumph that is due,
Great Sir, to the most welcome Peace and
[You;
Not young *Augustus* with more manly Rage,
The numerous Fleet at *Actium* did engage;
Than you the *French*, who proudly, tho' in vain,
Claim'd the Dominion o'er the *British* Main:
But when the most illustrious *Danby* came,
[His Canon less commanding than his Name)
r-Darting his awful Pow'rs, they soon gave way,
y-And shrunk like Spirits at the sight of Day:
So when great *Jove* of old resolv'd to quell
Earth's stubborn Sons, that vainly did rebel;
Himself engag'd in a more Tragick Play,
n-Calls for *Alcides* to decide the Fray:

They

They might have been destroy'd e'er this, 'tis
[true,

But the kind Fates reserv'd that Work for you,
England's Mecenas, and *Agrippa* too.

We read the Fam'd *Achilles* ne're would go
But arm'd with *Vulcan's* Shield to meet his Foe;
Whilst your more noble Soul scorn'd all Defence,
But that of Virtue and of Innocence;

Scarce had our Cannons-mouths begun to roar,
But the Pale *French* steer to the Gallick shore;
And the brave *English* Courage led by you,
Eager as Falcons to the Quarry flew;

Where in Confusion the throng'd People stood,
Your Men still pressing on, and you the leading

[God

And in compassion to those Men that fell,
Gave them bright Tapers in their way to Hell;
Here mighty Heaps of vulgar Souls did stand,
Waiting to perish by so brave a hand;
But you retir'd when the great Work was done,
Whose brighter Flames eclips'd the gazing Sun;

upon several occasions.

63

Let the fam'd *Cæsar* and his *Romans* be
But Dwarfs in Courage, when compar'd to Thee;
No less a *Hero* could their Fury tame,
Lewis himself trembles to hear your Name:
How we despise the worst Assaults of Fate,
You guard the Sea, *Carmarthen* guards the State;
William rides conquerour o'er the vanquish'd Ball,
And *Mary's* pow'rful Charms subdue us all.

The Consummation.

HEav'ns King drives hard, the Writs are seal'd
By *Mercury* to call a Parliament, [and sent
With officious Angels post away,
And at their sight the tow'ring Clouds give way;
The Patent's pass'd the Seals, Great *Jove* will have
One common Coffin, and one common Grave.
Their Looks speak Terror, and their dreaded
[Hands,
In Triumph bear their Master's great Commands:

Thus

Thus whilst they speak, the World is at an end,
And mighty Thundrings do the Scene attend :
The fatal Clock has struck, and sounds all o'er,
Time shall reverse its Wheels, and be no more ;
The Elements shall jarr, the Stars shall fall
Upon the Surface of this Earthly Ball ;
The sweaty Clouds shall to the Center shake,
And afterwards one blazing Comet make ;
Phæbus shall of his rigid Fate complain,
And ne'er shall number out one Stage agen ;
But when he sees this World inflam'd he'll run,
And grasp the Bridle of this Earthly Sun.

The End of the First Part.

d,
;
Love - Verses,
SONGS
AND
TRANSLATIONS,
By the same Hand.

The Second Part.

*Ad mea formosæ vultus adhibete Puellæ
Carmina, purpureus quæ mihi diceat Amor.
Ovid. Lib. Amor 2. Eclog. 1.*

Love - V. 1

2. 3. 4. 5.

TRANSLATIONS

by the author

Destin'd to Love.

I.

PErhaps I shall be censur'd by the Wise,
 For feeding thus mine Eyes;
 Alas, 'tis Fate, I must adore,
 Each time I gaze on her much more, and more;
 From her bright Looks arise,
Effluvioms so well refin'd,
 As can almost restore the Man that's blind.

II.

For ought I know these Wise Men cannot see,
 The Happiness which we
 Hourly enjoy, they look a-scue,
 Scarcely discerning what is false from true:
 But what is this to me?
 I know that had I *Argus's* Eyes
 To view so bless'd a sight, they'd scarce suffice.

F 2

III. Oh,

III.

Oh, could I love enough, I'd split each Vein,
Till Nature fill'd 'em up again :
Those do the greatest Monsters prove
Of all Mankind, who are but Dwarfs in Love ;
All other things are frail, and vain,
But Love is in it self compleat,
Love in excess can make us wise and great.

IV.

Nor all th' Endeavours of a well stor'd Brain,
Can ever break Lov's Chain ;
I sooner could reverse my Fate,
And by what Thread my Soul is joyn'd relate,
Than never love again ;
This is the Star that rules my Days,
This is the Dove which brings my morning Bays.

A SONG.

I.
Corinna keep those Globes of Light,
Within their proper Sphere;
Reserve those brighter Stars for Night,
What bus'ness have they here?

II.
The Gods did never yet design,
Two Lights should rule the Day;
Draw then the Curtains over thine,
And when Night comes, then sport and play.

III.
When-ever I shall reel with Wine,
And scarce can find my Way;
Be sure *Corinna* then you shine,
And turn my Night to Day.

I V.

But if I'm gone, and scarce can stand,
 Bind thou my roving Head;
 Embrace me with thy softer Hand,
 And lay me safe in Bed.

The Management..

I.

E Ach Day I've liv'd, I've spent it all in Love,
 Each Day I've liv'd, I've courted three or
 [four
 Before one Foot into the Grave I move,
 I hope to love at least Five Hundred more.

II.

Extreams in other things I can't endure,
 I hate to go beyond wise Nature's Laws;
 But no Man can in Love be Epicure,
 I'm sure in this the World will plead my Cause.

III. Some

III.

Some travel round the mighty Globe in vain,
Change their Religion with their Native Climes,
Flush'd and encourag'd with the Hopes of Gain,
They dive in Waters, and they dig in Mines.

IV.

But some Misfortunes still these Men o'er-take,
Before they touch upon their Native Lands;
Their well fraught Ships does either spring a leak,
Or else they fall into the Pirate's Hands.

V.

Ill spend my Time in Love as I begun,
What tho' my Mistress never shou'd prove true?
Yet still so ill a Race I cannot run,
These lost their Labour, and their Riches too.

The Farewell.

I.

AND shall I bid adieu,
My Dear, to you?

F 4

Shall

Shall these full Streams which from our Fountains
For ever in divided Channels go? [flow,

No, no, I hope at last they'll be,
United in the Ocean of Eternity.

II.

Ah my bless'd Star said I,

Where dost thou fly?

When'er the happy Fates shall seal my Doom,
And call me to my blessed Ancient Home;

I will be sure to ask for thee,
Of those bless'd Guards that come to convoy me.

III.

Now thou art rock'd asleep,

'Tis vain to weep;

It is no matter who must go before,

We all at last shall reach th' expected Shore;

But some perhaps this side the Grave,
May not as you so calm a Voyage have.

Love

Love Stiff'd.

I.

THese seven long Years with all my Skill,
I've strove to hide my growing ill ;
The Magick Cures of Love I've often try'd,
And healing Plaisters to my Wounds apply'd ;
For should these Flames break out, they may
All my Designs to her betray.

II.

Should I inform her that I love,
Perhaps it might my Ruine prove ;
'Tis better like *Aeneas* first to shroud,
Love's glorious Visage in a Cloud ;
And then with open Arms to run,
As *Phaeton* embrac'd the Sun.

III.

But when the Gods for me shall call,
Without request I'll tell her all ;

As

As some mistaken *Zealots* when they die,
 Reveal to Priests all their Impiety:
 But if she dart one pleasant Beam,
 I shall be vigorous again.

Her Nakedness.

I.

HAD I *Briarius* Hands, and *Argus* Eyes
 To view the Noon-day Sun, they'd scarce
 [suffice

Convey her hence, excessive Light does cloy,
 I'm over-whelm'd in these deep Floods of Joy:
 She than the Woody Queen more stately walks,
 And bigger than the Heav'nly Goddess talks;
 So glorious her Body seems to be,
 The very Shade it casts, enlightens me.

II.

Love in those twinkling Spheres does sit and play
 Sweet Kisses on her Lips for ever stray;
 Amongst

Amongst the sweet Meanders of her Hair
 Love walks, and keeps his Living dwelling there ;
 About her Neck the God of Love does twine,
 Soft as Embraces of the curling Vine ;
 Here *Cupid* in his Mothers Arms lies down,
 And Envy not the Prince that wears the Crown.

III.

Bless me what snowy Arms she has, as fair,
 As beautiful as Wings on Angels are ;
 O that these spreading Branches I could see,
 Unto Eternal Ages clasping me ;
 On those soft pliant Globes I fain would lie,
 Not only sleep, but with Content I'd die :
 Two Noble Worlds I'd boast my Love had won,
 And laugh at him who thought there was but

[One.

Tran-

Translated from the Italian Poets.

To Celia.

With so much Passion *Celia* I adore,
No Youth can love a beauteous Mi

[stress more]

And I believe my *Celia* loves me too,
As Virgins their Admirers use to do;
When-e'er I saw her dart her Eyes around,
As if too willing to impart a Wound;
The Minute I improv'd, and prest it home,
That she'd be mine for all the Years to come:
At this she blush'd, and as she gaz'd, said she,
Can I resist those Charms that spring from thee?
No, no, and as thus spoke the trembling fair,
Twisting the Locks of her divided Hair,
Mixt with the Charms of Gold; her Eyes convey'd,
Tokens as great as those her Hands had made:
Accept, said she, this sacred Pledge of mine,
To you, I with it, do my Soul resign.

Take

Take it, and try if it has pow'r to tame,
Th' unruly Flushings of a Lover's flame:
Alas, cry'd I, what have you, *Celia*, done?
As well might Mortals their Meridian Sun
Look in the Face, and scorn the baffl'd Ray,
As this drive Fire from my Heart away.
How can my Weakness bear the Hot Extreame?
Fire's ill apply'd to quench my living Flames:
Let these unhappy Spells be doom'd to Fire
More hot, than ever was my fond Desire;
On them let the corroding Burnings prey,
For they have even eat my Soul away:
But *Celia*, let the living Locks of Hair,
Thrive as sweet Roses in a Southern Air;
And be not angry that I've burnt your Hair,
Tho' I dread Burnings, I adore the Fair.

The Disappointment.

I.

When I arriv'd at my long Journeys end,
 Some waiting Joys, said I, my Toils attend
 [tend

Whose gentle Hands my wearied Eyes might close
 Soften my Troubles, and my Cares compose.

II.

But I perceiv'd when to the Goal I came,
 My Queen was fled with all her glorious Train;
 I fear I cannot over-take her more
 Than this Night can the Night that went before.

III.

In vain I strive to drive the Wheel so fast,
 She leads the Van, and I must still be last;
 And tho' in the same Wheel we're both turn'd
 [round,
 Alas, she always keeps the foremost Ground.

IV. Like

IV.

Like the fixt Stars we move about the Frame
Of Nature, yet the Distance's still the same;
For whilst the one does mount the Eastern Sky,
The other in the Western part must ly.

V.

The wandring Planets of the middle Air,
Do sometimes meet, and in Conjunction are;
But our two Spheres will never 'gree,
Unless united by a Sympathy.

My Wish.

WHat grateful Pleasures fill my rising
[Veins?

What Agonies of Bliss my Soul contains?
Where shall I fly to snatch some sacred Fire,
To allay the Fury of my warm Desire?
I see that wish'd for Star in whose bright Rays,
Fain would I bask, and wanton out my Days;

As

As deep as *Hannibal*, I swear I'm he
 Who'll never make a peace in love with thee;
 But if I might my pleasing Thoughts reveal,
 Like wanton *Jove* into thy Lap I'd steal;
 On thy Transporting pleasures I would ly,
 And in those Raptures the whole World outvy;
 Life's a dull sottish thing if this be took away,
 Let me die ev'ry Night, as I live ev'ry Day.

All for Love.

I.

I Frown not at the Planet of my Days,
 That she can't still these troubled Seas;
 I don't repine, because I know,
 The Gods that rule the Waves will have it so.

II.

Why should I rail at the Almighty Pow'rs,
 'Cause they won't send me golden Show'rs;
 I'm not as wretched *Midas* bold,
 To wish that all I touch may turn to Gold.

III.

III.

I blame not Nature for her scanty Frame,
I can't, with *Alexander*, hunt for Fame,
A smaller Point will make me blest,
Give me Love's Kingdom, and take all the rest.

Translated from the Italian Poets.

Corinna and Celia.

Corinna frowns, but *Celia*'s kind and gay,
One looks like Night, the other looks like
(Day ;
Time's Lesser Messengers they seem to be,
One rises still, the other sets with me.

G

My

*My D R E A M, sent in a Letter
to a Friend.*

AS on my Bed last Night I pensive lay,
Wearing in Thoughts the tedious Night
(away,

I dream'd the Image of the Saint we know
Presented its fair self to me and you ;
Deckt in that Ev'ning Dress which Virgins prize,
To satisfy and please their Lovers Eyes.
About her Lips ambrosial Sweets did flow,
And as we reap'd successive Joys did grow :
At last methoughts she did her Rays display,
And Drove the Horror of the Night away ;
The Bed around reflected Light just so
As when the naked Winter's cloath'd with Snow ;
What follow'd did our Pleasures most inance,
We lodg'd a while in Extasie and Trance :
So mimick Fancy then with me did play,
What the Night gave, the Day now takes away.

A

A S O N G.

I.

LET the ambitious Courtier be
Promoted to the Helm of State ;
That Pill can ne're go down with me,
'Tis real flav'ry to be great.

II.

Let Kings puissant Armies raise,
And speak like mighty Sons of *Jove*,
Whilst I improve and spend my Days
In the soft quiet Hours of Love.

III.

Let me have *Venus* and the Bays,
These only are my chief Delights ;
The one can give me happier Days,
The other yields me softer Nights.

On a Lady who always carried a Looking-Glass with her.

WHat Incantations, and what wanton Spels
About my conquering *Gloriana* dwells !
So beauteous, so kind, so wond'rous fair,
She with the Queen of Heav'n may compare,
And this she knows so well, herself's dismay'd
To see the God-like Part so well display'd.
With every Feature so much pleas'd and charm'd
And with her own inflaming Beauty warm'd,
She falls in Love with her own taking Frame,
And doats and feeds upon her amorous Flame.
Had she an Emblem of *Narcissus* Fate
Before her Eyes, her Pride would soon abate ;
He to the crystal Fountain often went,
At last himself down to the bottom sent.
No more about thee that false Mimick bear,
Lest it reduce thy Beauty to despair ;
For should the Glass's Pow'r once fade, and shew
A Form less wounding than we thine do know,

The

The Traytor then against the Ground you'd fling,
Who from your Face no truer News could bring:
Then only in my Eyes your Beauty view,
For there yourself you'd find, and please me too.

The V I S I O N.

I.

I Dream'd, and lo, the loveliest Sight
That ever pensive Thought could frame,
Did in ethereal Robes of Light
My mimick Fancy entertain.

II.

Me thought she swept the flowry Plains,
Clad in a Garb of luscious Charms,
My eager Soul, t'allay her Pains,
Hug'd the Idea in her Arms.

III.

Lodg'd in the noblest Trance of Bliss,
Possess'd of all her Joys I lay,
I said there was no Heav'n but this,
Could I enjoy it ev'ry Day.

IV.

But when th' exalted Pow'rs of Love
Began to flag their Wings and die,
A cheating Vision it did prove,
Which I before thought Extasie.

V.

Strange we no solid Joys can find,
Except in Dreams our Fancies rove,
We still must wink and still be blind,
To wake unto the Joys of Love.

The

The Incurable.

I.

TO what fair Doctress in the World shall I
With Courtiers soothing Arts my self apply,
To get for wounded Love a Remedy?

II.

I bleed, and all the Sluces of my Soul
Cannot the Deluge of my Blood controul,
I wallow'd in my Gore, and in the Torrent rowle.

III.

I'm too far gone, consumptive like I pine,
I've made my Will, and now my Life resign,
But not to her who did my Death design.

IV.

It works like lingring Poyson in the Womb,
And each Day brings me nearer to my Tomb,
My Magazin's consum'd by this unlucky Bomb.

V.

Medea now, nor all the Gods above,
Can sift the Poyson that is mixt with Love,
Death the best Remedy at last must prove.

VI.

If ever I expect a longer Date
Of Life, I must reverse my rigid Fate,
And, like a God, another Frame create.

On a Lady who slighted my Love.

SO when all's calm, and no Clouds blind the
(Day,
The Pilot hoises Sail and puts to Sea ;
But when he's gone, and lost the Sight of Shore,
The Winds rise high and he is seen no more.
I thought such sweetness in a Face, like thine,
Would like the fixt Stars Splendor, ever shine ;

Such

Such beauteous Order in thy Face was found,
'Twas that first drew me to the Fairy Ground,
In that fair Spring I thought to quench my Fire,
Fev'rish I came, more fev'rish I retire.
Those former Wounds which I receiv'd from you
At your Disdain gush out and bleed anew :
The Arrows of your Love stick fast in me,
You shot them in, and you must make me free :
I've got within the Circle of your Heart,
Th' enchantment must be broke e're I depart.
From Love's destructive Brink I will retire,
The Child once burnt still wisely dreads the fire.
To what shall I this wicked Love compare?
Mistress of endless Sorrow and despair ;
But justly I my ill-laid Plots may blame,
With too much fierceness I pursu'd the Game :
Had I hood-wink'd this metl'd Love of mine,
E're now I'd seen the trembling Dove resign ;
But Love is like the Cockatrice's Eyes,
If it first strikes it kills, if struck it dies.

A

A S O N G.

I.

HAD the too tender Gods first made
Men's Hearts as hard as Steel,
Their Weakness ne're had been betraid
By ev'ry stroak they feel.

II.

Scattered by *Cupid's* Darts we lye,
And yet still call for more,
Happier we ev'ry minute dye
Than e're we liv'd before.

III.

Surely the generous Gods above
Have Hearts as well as we,
Nay they must passionately love,
If we in Form agree.

IV.

IV.

But they alas more Pleasures find,
Fixt to no World they rove,
Whilst we are here to one confin'd,
They pick and chuse their Love.

The Despair.

I.

ENTangled in my Thoughts, I laid me down,
And dream'd I saw the Furies frown,
Envy me thoughts advanc'd near me,
The worst of all that Company,
Me thoughts a knotted Whip she bore,
Her Hands were stain'd with Streams of Human
(Gore.

II.

Her Threats like Peals of Thunder shook my room
The Heralds of my dismal Doom,

So

So black the Air, so dark the Sky,
I thought the utmost Day was nigh,
So heavy Nature seem'd to be,
I dream'd the Fields and Floods did copy me.

III.

My Sighs, like Elegies of sad Despair,
Were always eccho'd through the Air ;
The Waters that were rock'd asleep,
For my hard Fate began to weep ;
The Friendly Birds o're-heard me cry,
Ah wretched, wretched Youth am I !

IV.

Thus strangl'd in my Mind, I lay as dead,
And wondred where my Soul was fled ;
But when the Frenzy went away,
Which did about my Temples play,
I paus'd a little while, and then
I found my Soul returning home again.

V.

Ah fleeting Fool ! said I, could you not be
Pleas'd with the Charms of Liberty ?
When you were freed from this dull Cage,
The Stings of Youth, the Dregs of Age,
Why came you back to me again ? (Pain.
The Slave deserves much Stripes who loves his

Her Influence.

I.

I Vow that thou alone art she,
Who can revive the Sparks of Love in me ;
They in the inward Chambers of my Soul
Lurkt for a while, till the reviving Beams,
Did, like the Moon, my toying Blood controul,
And made it rise in higher Streams,
To drown thee all in Poetry.

II.

V. That Star that carries Time within his Arms,
And with its Morning Blush the World alarms,
Strikes

Strikes not so deep ; when you begin to shine
 My World receives new Light from thine,
 And like a Planet moves about her Sphere ;
 'T would fain, but yet durst not be meddling there
 Left, through the bold Assaults of Love,
 We both one blazing Comet prove.

III.

Oh let me ev'ry Day
 Some beauteous Object find,
 Who in a pleasing fit may say,
 Write on and I'll be kind ;
 The Charms of Beauty so effectual prove,
 My Lines with her would sympathize in Love :
 So the great Sun that visits all,
 That sees and pierces through this earthly Ball,
 Unsullied with the Stage he run,
 With Peace does in the Waters lay him down,
 So pleas'd with that which Nature did display,
 He runs the same Stage over ev'ry Day.

Translated

Translated from the Italian Poets.

O D E XXIV.

To Marullus, who having forsaken his
Studies, takes up with his Mistress
Corinda.

I.

Farewel *Apollo*, and your sacred Train,
Since I have tasted of the Sweets of Love,
I'll never see your Face again.

II.

To None but *Venus* I'll Obedience pay,
Who from a feeling Sense of my hard Fate
accepted me the other Day.

III.

In vain you tell the Joys that Learning yields,
One Glance of her's transports me more
than all *Pieria's* flowry Fields.

IV.

IV.

Before my Spirits and my Warmth decay
Some Hours with her I fain would spend,
and with the pretty Graces play.

V.

Do you, *Marullus*, to your Prince's Praise
(Big with infusion of *Apollo's* Fire)
some Panegyrick Altars raise ;

VI.

Whilst I in softer Numbers shall declare
What pow'ful Spells I've us'd to gain
Corinda most divinely fair.

Her Presence.

i.

THe Gods of old, which to our mortal View
Came down, and stay'd, could do no more
(than you,
Myriads

Myriads of Blessings then were shed
Upon th'astonisht People's Head ;
No less your Presence I am sure can do,
You are my Doctress and my Med'cine too:

II.

One touch of Yours stops the fierce flux of Pain,
One piercing Glance baffles the strongest chain;
In your Bright Looks I fairly see
Th'exactest Emblem of Divinity.
If I gaze long, my Parts can't hold entire,
Like melting Wax they drop before the Fire.

III.

In vain from Books can I expect Relief,
Philosophy's dull Rules can't cure my Grief,
Like Oyl put to my raging Fire,
They but increase my vain desire ;
These cheat me all ; but in their Looks I see
My Fate resolv'd, and I will follow thee:

H

A

A S O N G.

I.

FEel *Phillis* if my Pulse beats high,
 Loves Poyson runs through all my Veins :
 Let it have vent or else I dye
 A Lovers Death, the worst of Pains.

II.

No Blushes in my Face appear,
 The lovely Graces all are fled ;
 No *Cupid* wantons in my Hair,
 But all's as dismal as the Dead.

III.

Oh quicken soon this Mass of mine,
 Dart through the gaping Chinks of Nature :
 No less than Miracles divine
 Can change or make me a new Creature.

The

*The second Elegy of the Fourth Book
of Tibullus, translated: Sulpitia's
praise.*

To Mars.

THe amorous Youths this Festival design,
To consecrate with Mirth and Airs divine ;
Quit Heav'n a while, if you are wise, to see
Sulpitia in a glorious pageantry :
But have a Care lest her diviner Charms
Melt down the Powers of your flagging Arms ;
Where'ere her killing Eyes are cast around,
The Gods he conquer'd, and confess the Wound.
Her Walk is so majestick and divine,
A thousand Graces on her Carriage shine ;
If Nature looser in her Hair should play,
Sulpitia's still most beautiful and gay ;
And if they're modell'd in a better Frame,
Adorn'd with Art, *Sulpitia's* still the same.

If cloath'd in Scarlet, she adorns the Plains,
 If cloath'd in white, she still the Vict'ry gains.
Vortumnus so a thousand Shapes on high
 Assumes, yet not more grateful to the Eye
 Than those in which she's pleas'd to grace Mor-
 (tality.)

Now all ye Nymphs confer on her what's due,
 Poetick Strains, and you *Apollo* too.
 Conclude the Day with Singing, and a Ball,
 I'm sure *Sulpitia* does deserve them all.

*A Description of Mrs. E. T. as I saw
 her in the Exchange.*

W^Hen I did first this charming object view,
 Her Image in my Mind took Root & grew,
 So rare a Piece and so divinely fair,
 I wish'd the best of Painters had been there :
 As piercing lightnings when they strik the ground
 The Steel consum'd, the Scabbard Safe is found,

So did she glide along my purer Veins,
My Body's safe, my Soul still full of Pains ;
Her Hair as black as that which Angels prize,
Before the Throne, veiling their weaker Eyes ;
Her Brows were black, declining like the Bow,
Which *Cupid*, when he smil'd rejoyc'd to shew ;
In lovely Spheres her Globes of Light did rowle,
And Man the strongest Planet did controul ;
About her Cheeks ten thousand smiles did play,
Fair as the Beauties of the rising Day ;
About her milky Neck and snowy Arms
There flow'd continual Rivulets of Charms ;
So soft her Hands, so long, so charming white,
As might the chafteft God from Heav'n invite ;
Here you might see her Soul in Raptures pass,
Clear as the Lily in the Cryftal Glafs ;
Each Atome of her Body was fo fine,
In ev'ry part it had the Stamp Divine.
The *Greek* that strove to make a piece fo high,
As might the Works of Nature's self out-vie ;
From all the rareft Patterns which he knew,
The best Perfections, which they had, he drew :

But after all it prov'd so ill, he swore,
 He'd never strive to perfect Nature more ;
 Had he but seen that Piece that stood by me,
 He'd lookt no further for Divinity.

The F E V E R.

I.

THE sparkling Embers of my hot desire,
 Tho' they were drench'd in Waves, will
 (not expire,
 The very Sea itself some Oyl contains
 Which makes them rise again in greater Flames.

II.

The northern Zone is not too cold for me,
 Go where I will, Love will my Dog-star be ;
 There like a Globe of Light he spreads his Rays,
 And turns my Winter Nights to Summer Days.

III.

III.

Yet still I would not want this pleasing Pain,
Of which to ev'ry listner I complain,
The very Wheel of my short Life would stand,
If not turn'd round by Love's Almighty Hand.

IV.

Nor would I that it should Abatement find,
Love is the pleasant Frenzy of the Mind ;
So Frantick Men in their mad Actions shew
A Happiness which none but Madmen know.

A S O N G.

I.

STay thou seraphick Creature, stay,
My Soul is in her melting Strains,
So very fond to get away,
She puts me to a thousand Pains.

II.

Trembling as Needles when they move,
And only in the North can rest,
So when she meets with thee, my Love,
She's fix'd and infinitely blest.

III.

Sweet Angel, tho' you can't create,
Yet you alone my Life can save;
Your Sight's as prevalent as Fate,
Then grant me that, 'tis all I crave.

IV.

My heavenly Bliss to antedate,
For no base earthly Love I plead ;
For Souls have pow'r to penetrate,
And on diviner Substance feed.

The

The **BOLDNESS.**

I.

ITs not the mighty *Alps*, tho' cloath'd with Snow
Shall stop or hinder me from loving now :
Resolv'd I am, I'll cut through all,
I'll love as deep as *Hannibal* :
Tho' this at last should prove my Doom,
Yet I the more will venture on.
He is an *Ass* who dares not fight
For amorous Love, a Spark so bright :
I'll stand my Ground, here shall my Colours be,
I durst engage the stoutest Enemy.

II.

I'll sound a Charge, among the Stars I see
Castor and *Pollux*, Signs of Victory.
Why do I stay ? I must be gone,
Cupid's Breast-plate I'll put on,
His poyson'd Arrows I will bear,
Stuck in the Bow he's us'd to wear ;

Clad

Clad with the Down of *Cupid's* Wings,
 The World shall hear of mighty things ;
 For in my Hand as sure and fatal proves
 The Dart of Love, as Thunder shall in *Jove's*.

III.

The boisterous Billows of the raging Sea
 Roar as they will, their Voice I'll nere obey ;
 Altho' *Leander's* Corps I view,
 Gushing out Blood anew ;
 Altho' the dismal Voice I hear,
 Repeating still, forbear, forbear :
 The weeping Seas should not prevent
 My travelling in that Element ;
 For the great Pow'r of Love's Almighty Wand
 Divides the Waves as well as that in *Neptune's*
 (hand.

IV.

Should my wing'd Love fly to the *Stygian* Lake,
 The moving Harp of *Orpheus* I would take ;
 The Harp I mean, whose mighty Strings
 Can at a Touch work mighty Things ;

When

When e're this Sound should strike her Ear,
In spite of all the Devils there,
I'd force her to this World again,
Reverse the Sentence of her pain ;
And if these Charms by mortal Art could move
The Woods, the Stones, what can't the Force
(of Love ?

V.

Or if *Astræa*, like my Darling Love
Should fly unto the utmost Worlds above,
I'd build a Monument so high,
The Clouds beneath me as I fly ;
Or else I would like th'Earth's bold Son
Have Mountains heap'd, and built upon,
And if the angry Gods with Fire
Should quash the Motions of my vain Desire,
In the same Flames I'd to my Love ascend,
To thee, as Load-stones to the North, I'd bend.

VI.

But some poor Fools, in whose dull lump of Clay
A spark of Love divine yet never lay.

To

To tread the Depths, they think's too bold,
 For fear their puny Love take cold:
 I'm sure they're out, for beauty's Ray
 Can soon dissolve this Ice away;
 I'll never so false-hearted prove,
 There is no Medium between me and Love,
 Chill *Neptune's* Realms shall nere my Courage
 (tame,
 For th'*Hellepont* did once create a Flame,

*The Fourth Elegy of the Fourth Book
 of Tibullus, translated.*

To Phœbus.

Come now *Apollo*, give the Virgin ease,
 Whose Soul's afflicted with a sad Disease:
 Make haste, I say, I'm sure you'll ne're repent,
 There's scarce a prettier in the Firmament;
 Prevent th'encroaching Evils of the Grave.
 Let her the same commanding Sweetness have,
 Let all her Pains, and her successive Cares

Be

Be swallow'd up, together with our Fears.
 Give her a Dose, and by some skilful Art,
 Stave off the Terrors that infect her Heart.
 Pity *Cerintus* too, who'd fain appease
 With constant Vows the angry Deities ;
 In doleful Strains he does his Fate deplore,
 And curses Heav'n, that she should be no more.
 But lay aside those Fears, and still be true,
Cerintus still love on, as she loves you,
 And then no Angel will from Heav'n destroy
 The Bands of Love, or interrupt your Joy.
 But now some noble Sacrifice to you,
 Who at a Touch could save two Souls, is due,
 At once the Lover and the Mistress too.
 Let Grief dissolve into the Shades of Night,
 And rise thou brighter by *Sulpitia's* Light :
 Tears can do nothing here, but when you find
 The fair *Sulpitia's* cruel and unkind.
 Now great *Apollo* you may dance and play,
 Before their Altars they both Incense pay.
 That powerful Art they so admire in you,
 Each God would wish himself *Apollo* too.

The

The DISCOVERY.

I.

THrough whatsoever part of Heav'n we pass
 We find the Marks of *Galilea's* Glass;
Sol's Motions are so clearly known,
 As if 'thad been his ancient Home ;
 He knew where ev'ry Planet lies,
 And trac'd them thro' the Chambers of the Skies.

II.

I'll then be gone, I dread to stay at home,
 With *Drake's* Ship rigg'd, about the World I'll
 I will discover something more (roam ;
 Than what has been known heretofore ;
 Wings for my Journey I'll prepare,
 I'll search the unknown Waves, the Earth, the Air.

III.

I'll touch each Pole, I'll cut the burning Line,
 I'll search the Limits of the utmost Clime,

Till

upon several occasions. III

Till Loves great Kingdom I descry,
Which in some hidden World must lye :
Cowley Loves first *Columbus* was, and he
Who best can trace his Footsteps next shall be.

IV.

Thus whilst I sail, my Hopes encrease to see
The presence of some gracious Deity,
Who might his Influence bestow
To steer my Vessel here below ;
Through various Seas my Ship must ride,
Propitious Love rule thou the Winds and Tide.

V.

But after all my Search, suppose I found
The way that leads me to this happy Ground ;
Grant her Metropolis I see
Swimming in Pride and gayety ;
Yet after all, what are my Gains,
Should I like prying Spies be bound in Chains ?

VI.

VI.

There Beauty's always fresh and can't decline,
Her Form defies the eating Moths of Time;
No Tyrant in their Kingdom reigns,
None there of Falshood e're complains,
All Lovers are united there,
And dance and revel in that blessed Sphere:

VII.

What Blifs is this ? what would I give to be
A priviledg'd Member of this Society ?
This consummates a Lover's Blifs,
If there be *Elyzium*, sure its this :
But yet I fear my Fate will be,
Ive searcht this Place for others, not for me.

Translated

Translated from the Italian Poets.

To his Ring.

THOU little Ring, dearly belov'd by me,
Kiss by my Spouse as oft as I kiss thee,
Altho thou'rt nobly deckt with sparkling Pride;
Rich with the Relicks of the *Indian* Tide,
Yet I on this account esteem thee more
That she first wore thee on her Hand before,
And when she first design'd this Gift for me,
Sighing, she said, scarce can I part with thee ;
Oh ! I will always have thee in my Sight,
And for her Sake I'll kiss thee Day and Night ;
When ere I wash my Hands, my Breast shall be
The only Place that I think fit for thee.

I

A

A S O N G.

I.

WHilst on those blushing Cheeks I gaze,
I tremble and am all on Fire,
In pleasures of so blest amaze,
Thy Glances do but fan Desire.

II.

Pity my Fault, dear Girl, if I
Eager to grasp thy sunny Frame,
Like an ambitious Meteor fly,
To perish in so bright a Flame.

III.

Surely some Noble Hero fell
In that most precious Sea of thine,
And to reward his Courage well,
Venus has made him there to shine.

IV

IV.

Nor can this Beauty fade away,
For want of any new Supplies,
Regardless of the scorching Day,
Fed by those living Springs thine Eyes.

*The Third Elegy of the Fourth Book
of Tibullus, translated.*

Sulpitia to Cerinthus.

YE Savage Beasts, whom Nature entertains
In the by-Lodgings of the Desert Plains,
Pity my Boy, bent on some noble Prey,
And thou kind *Cupid* at his Elbow stay.
Perhaps, by Passion hurl'd, he's led so far,
He'll want the Guidance of some gentle Star.
Curse on the Woods and all that sordid Game,
Let the Dogs falter, and ne're find again:

Why are you fond to visit ev'ry Cell,
Where Death, with Fury charg'd, stands Cen-
(tinel ?

Prithee forbear, see how the Briars hide
Their crooked Heads in your most tender Side ;
But if I might *Cerintus* chase with you,
I'd be content to bear the Burthen too :

The hated Woods would please me then, if I
By the same hunting Nets with thee could lye :
No Lion then would dare to threaten thee,
He'd lose his Rage, as he still gaz'd on me,
My very Eyes sufficient Charms would prove
To melt his Springs of Fierceness into Love.

But still remember poor *Orion's* State,
Be chaste, and never boldly tempt your Fate.

If any one should strive to dispossess
Our Souls of this Platonick Happiness ;

Let her for breaking of *Diana's* Laws,
Fall a sure Victim to the Lion's Paws :

But in the mean, my Boy, give o're that Game,
And on my Breast quench your unruly Flame.

Platonick

Platonick Love.

I.

I Courtier-like did once that Beauty prize,
Which had no comely Shape or handfom Eyes;
I valu'd any Love but that which came
From *Plato's* great seraphick Brain :
I wish the Vulgar did agree
The Sensual was the Deity ;
But when I found the Cheat, I chang'd the Scene,
And set up for an Isra'lite again.

II.

I once obey'd th'imperious Charms of Love,
My weaker Needle to that Point did move ;
But when the Transports of Diviner Light
Did with some Pleasure entertain my Sight,
I said, I'd ne're obey
False Love's tyrannick sway,
My Soul shall to Heav'n aspire,
And joyn the Element of Fire

III.

This vicious *Passion*, 'll nere feed,
But by the Roots I'll pluck the Weed ;
I'll quench her Fury with the Darts of Love,
That bring their Power from the Seats above.
Like bold *Prometheus* I will fly,
And match the Fire from the Sky :
To give Man Life he stole this Flame,
But I to purifie my Frame.

IV.

By Methods of Ascent aspire my Soul,
And to this End thy Haughtiness controul ;
Leave pleasing Sense to *Epicurus* Train,
And be thou *Plato's* Profelyte again.
Be gone, and stretch thy Pinions wide,
Swim with the Current of th'etherial Tide,
And then let them ascend above,
A Place fit for platonick Love.

The

*The Fourteenth Elegy of the Second
Book of Propertius, translated.*

Blest be the Night, blest be the Bed where I
Enclos'd with Pleasures, did securely lye;
When all was silenc'd, when the very Sea
In softer Murmurs did the Night obey,
Her jar's the Prologue of ensuing Love,
I to my private Pleasure did improve;
Sometimes she touch'd me with her downy
(Breast,
Which my more wanton Fingers often prest;
Sometimes she stroak'd mine Eyes, and ask'd me
(why
Did I so lazy and unactive lye?
This mov'd me too, and fir'd my youthful Rage,
Tho sure to lose, yet eager to engage.
I kiss'd her Lips and rift'd her all o're,
So fierce my Sallies, I could kiss no more.
Its said of old, so *Paris* dy'd away,
When in his Arms the Grecian Beauty lay.

Come lay aside this useleſs Garb of thine,
It ſtops the Combat which I now deſign;
Come now, my Dear, let's revel whiſt we may,
Perhaps we ne're ſhall live another Day.
I wiſh the Fates could by ſome ſacred Tye
Joyn us ſo cloſe, that we ſhould never dye.
The harmleſs Doves when e're they meet, they
(pair,
Ty'd to no Laws their ſoft Embraces are.
He's out, who thinks my Love ſhall cool, my
(Love
Is as immortal as the Gods above:
The Sun ſhall ſooner change his Stage, and be
Loſt in the Ocean of Eternity;
The leſſer Springs, and *Tybur's* flowing Tide
Back, with Confuſion, to their Head ſhall glide,
Before I'll leave thee: Witneſs Heav'n that I
Will only on this Altar live and dye.
Oh could I always have ſuch Nights as theſe,
Fit for the Buſ'neſs of my Love and Peace,
I'd bath my ſelf in this immortal Flood,
And be each Night as happy as a God:

If

The Kisses which I stole away,
On my rack'd Soul like Vultures prey ;
Lifeless, alas, and pale I grow,
I'm just now going to the Shades below.
But if you'll kiss again, then I
Shall surely pine away and die :
Come now, my Soul, let's kiss again,
Its that will put me out of Pain ;
Its fit that I should live no more,
For what I stole from thee before.

The

The Captivity.

I.

IF Wit, annex'd to Beauty's Charms,
Could in a God create Desire,
When *Celia* clasps me in her Arms,
No wonder if I'm all on Fire.

II.

I must resign against my Will,
My Pow'r's too weak to keep the Place,
By ev'ry Smile she conquers still,
Those fiery Arrows of her Face.

III.

If Beauties then such Conquests have,
Surely their Charters are divine :
I now submit to be thy Slave,
Dear *Celia*, and for ever Thine.

Her

Her Government.

I.

WE know, Great Love, thy gentle
 (sway,
 Thy sovereign Word we all obey ;
 Kings at thy sacred Feet lay down their Crowns,
 And triumph to be Vassals to thy Frowns ;
 Great *Alexander* wish'd to be
 Conqu'rour of Worlds, but Slave to thee.

II.

So great's thy share, thou claim'st a part
 In the most rigid Stoick's Heart :
 And tho' he disallows thy Deity,
 The Tythes of all his Fruits he pays to thee :
 But we, as old *Rome* us'd to do,
 Own thee our Queen and Goddess too.

III.

III.

Tribute to thee, as free we pay,
 As Indians Homage to the Day :
 Tax on, great Love, in taxing still be kind,
 Pray ease our Purfes, to enrich our Mind:
 Like Martyrs we're in Love with Pains,
 We kifs and reverence our Chains.

My Love fled.

I.

HOW can I chufe but weep and mourn all
 (Day,
 Since ſhe who fondly did impart
 A warmth and Vigour to my Heart,
 Has falſly borrow'd Wings and flown away ?

II.

Ev'ry fair Object brings her to my Mind,
 And when I drop a Cryſtal Tear,
 Methinks I ſee her Image there,
 Beauteous and gay, if Love itſelf ben't blind.

III.

III.

How shall I drag the future *Autumns* on?
 The Embers of my dying Fire ;
 Do now successively expire,
 Since the Preservative of Life is gone.

IV.

Poor *Ariadne* cry'd, when left alone;
 But a God came to give Relief;
 The like would stop my flowing Grief,
 Would a fair Goddess my Addresses own.

The Advice.

I.

C*Hloe* be kind, I say,
 Beauty has Wings as well as Time ;
 To suffer either pass away
 Without Advantage, is a Crime.
 See, Heav'n itself with conscious Smiles approves
 The future Union of our tender Loves.

II.

II.

Then why, my Dear, should you
So fatal to your Beauties prove ?
Pay unto Nature what's her due,
And then you'll ne're refuse my Love :
Take my Advice, preserve that Vestal Fire,
When it is doubl'd, it will ne're expire.

III.

Sweet *Chloe*, hear my call,
And think to live no more alone ;
Tho' Man was born as Lord of all,
Himself but edly fills a Throne ;
Eden was not compos'd of That or This,
Woman and *Man* made up the *Paradise*.

The

The VANITY.

I.

Poor fading Pleasures to pursue,
I know 'tis base, as well as you ;
But whilst this Lump of Flesh I wear,
From doing so I can't forbear ;
The old deceiving Serpent still
Corrupts and vitiates my Will.

II.

From her blest Heart there flows a Line,
Which Nature made , and grapples mine.
Secret as that which tyes the Mind,
When to the Body 'tis confin'd :
If I love on, blame me no more,
Can I with Nature run in score ?

III.

When I reside in *Egypt's* Fields.
My Soul must taste on what it yields ;

But

But when to *Canaan* I shall come,
Canaan the lovely wish'd for Home,
 On nobler Objects I shall rove,
 And feed on a Diviner Love.

The Council.

I.

AS some wise lesser Prince, who goes
 With all his Strength t'engage his mightier Foes,
 Considers how, and when, and where he may
 Draw up the Battle in Array,
 On this the coming Fate of War depends,
 The Kingdom is by this made up, or ends.

II.

Ev'n so a Council I must call,
 If I must love her much, or not at all,
 In Reason's Ballance I am bound to weigh
 Whether I should obey
 Her Royal Will, and then lay down my Arms,
 Or else assault this rich *Pern* of Charms.

K.

III.

III.

Should I but love her in extreame,
 She'd rather still increase than quench my Flames,
 'Twould please her cruel Vanity to see
 A Lover plung'd in Misery ;
 Instead of cooling my incens'd Desire,
 With formal Smiles sh'd blow my wretched Fire.

IV.

And sooner I could change my Nature
 Than not adore and hug that lovely Creature.
 Propitious Stars tell me what Course to steer,
Sylla is there, *Charibdis* here :
 Virtue consists in Mediocrity,
 But Love is always in Extremity.

V.

Well, to *Leucadia* I'll repair,
 Where miserable Lovers lose their Care ;
 Sad *Cephalus* did first this Place approve,
 And quencht the flaming Torch of Love.
 Than this what can a better Council be ?
 Here Love is swallow'd up in Victory.

The

The CHASE.

SCorcht by the Heat one Day, I found a Shade;
Which some kind Poplar and a Myrtle made;
Stretcht here at length, in Ease my Body lay
Swell'd with the Hopes of some luxurious Prey;
Casting my Amorous Eyes around the Plain,
Wild to possess, I spy'd a lovely Dame,
Thrice I saluted her, and thrice I said, (Maid:
Peace to the lovely Nymph, peace to the lovely
She, so surpriz'd at this, made no reply,
But still survey'd me with a scornful Eye;
Jealous at last, turning away her Eyes,
She calls for Help, but finding no Supplies,
Takes to her Feet, and almost out of Breath,
She scrietcht like Leverets in the Pangs of Death;
Big with expectance of this nimble Prey,
I spurr'd my Passion on, and made away;
Swift as Desire, I leapt the strongest Fence,
Having in Sight the noblest Game of Sense.
Ere long I caught my *Celia* by the Hair.
Whose wanton Locks perfum'd the beaten Air,

O Heav'ns ! what Charms her Beauty did inspire,
Conquer'd at once with Wonder and Desire.
Weary, we both sat down, and breath'n our Loves,
Soft as the Whispers of two wounded Doves ;
Coucht on her Breast my Fancy sporting lay,
And strove to scare her pensive Thoughts away :
Thus blest, sometimes I profer'd her a Kiss,
Hopeing thereby to gain an after Bliss ;
Often my furious Hand did strive to know
How was the glorious Valley spread below.
Hot in pursuit, often I said, My Dear,
Ah shall I, shall I but inhabit here ?
The Land is fruitful, grant me this one thing,
And I'll be happier than the happiest King.
No, cry'd she, no, prithee, kind Youth, forbear,
The Crop's but small that you will gather here ;
And will you, will you do this pleasant Sin?
Hereafter it will Torture you within.
But all her Art such faint Resistance made,
Herself was almost by herself betray'd ;
With so much Doubt and modesty she strove
To give mine room she did her own remove :

But

But when this usual Ceremony ceas'd,
How was I glutted with the Sight, and pleas'd !
Pleasures so great and tempting, that they cou'd
Ev'n almost win to her Embrace a God.
Oh, could I find such Objects ev'ry Day !
I'd even Hunt and Chase my Life away.

The Looking-Glass.

I.

OH happy thing ! what would I give to be
My Mistress's Glass, instead of thee ?
Thou see'st the Glorious Image ev'ry Day,
For which I hourly pine away.

II.

(view ;

By thine own Light thou scarce her Form canst
Thy very Light and Essence too
Proceeds from her, as *Phabus's* borrow'd Ray,
Reflects the Image of the Day.

K 3

III.

III.

Would she but cast such quickning Beams on me,
 I should her living Image be ;
 Look when she pleas'd, her Picture she would find
 Deeply imprinted in my Mind.

IV.

The faithless Glass ten thousand Forms does bear,
 When she alone should revel there,
 And, Courtier-like, to ev'ry one can say,
 Thou art the Beautiful and Gay.

V.

Be false to all the rest, be only true
 To her, and this I'd have thee do,
 Preserve th'*Idea* of my Saint in store,
 'Till I shall see thy Face once more.

VI.

Then to thy Shrine a Reverence I'll pay,
 Like zealous Romans ev'ry Day ;

I'll hug the Relick with a Pious Fear,
Because I know the Goddess's there.

VII.

But if she's charged thee, thou shouldst not trace
The least Discovery of her Face,
The strict Injunction ne're shall trouble me,
Seeing ye're both Hypocrisie.

*A Letter to a young Lady, who sent
me a Box of Pills, when she heard
I was ill.*

IF any Thanks from a Sick State are due
To its Restorer and Supporter too,
Then I, dear Madam, am oblig'd to you.
If fair *Aurora* could obtain of Fate
For her young Lover's Life a longer date;
If the chaste Wishes of the Good and Fair
Can pierce the Clouds and make the Heavens hear;

Then I may hope, as you are kind, to live,
Not by what Heat I have, but what you give.
Now let the Monarchs of the World repine,
Their Guardian Angels have less Pow'r than mine;
Let them bewail their short-liv'd State below,
That all their Pomp to Destiny must bow.
Let the Terrestrial Gods blaspheme, while I
So well upheld, must ask your leave to die.
But tho your Balsom kindly cur'd my Wound,
Tho my whole Body's safe, secure and sound,
Yet let me tell you, You have shot a Dart,
And made me mortal in my better Part ;
So would I have it, if you first design'd
The Pills should cure my Body, you my Mind,
And can you not, dear Life, to both be kind ?
O yes, I know you will ; so you'll approve
Your self one System of Angelick Love :
So the kind Sun never vouchsaf'd a Ray,
But Light and Heat, involv'd, together lay.

On

upon several occasions. 137

On a beautiful Lady who was going to kill herself, when she was at Supper, had she not been accidentally prevented by one of the Company.

I.

(Blow!

O Stop that Hand ! kind Heav'ns forbid the
See the Stars lurk behind the Screen of Night
Unwilling to behold so sad a Sight,
Lest we should tax them t'have been guilty too.

No Comets in the Firmament,
By bodeing Symptoms to thy Death consent,
All is serene and gay, (ky Way,
And can that Beauty, which out shines the Mil-
Add a dark Blemish to the Day ?
What cruel Passion boil'd within thy Veins ?
What Legion harbour'd in thy Breast,
That dispossess'd thy Soul of Rest,
And put thee to Hyperboles of Pains,
That thou shouldst vent such Accents of Despair?
Void of all pious Fear,

And

And then thy Cruelties display,
 Resolv'd to baulk Death in so rich a Prey,
 And make a quicker Passage for thy Soul away

II.

For thy approaching Grief
 A speaking Sadness sat in ev'ry Eye,
 All strove to give Relief,
 As if they fear'd some Storm was nigh :
 Thy very Eyes their coming Fate confest,
 And their Resentment for thy Fall exprest.
 Thy Soul retir'd to her inmost Room,
 Dreading the Pressure of the Stroke to come :
 But see, Heav'ns peculiar Care
 Saves and protects the Fair ;
 And often is at the Expence
 Of Miracles, to save such Excellence :
 So many Thoughts great *Jove* it cost
 To make a Piece most exquisitely Fine,
 He would not have the Copy lost
 By Death's unruly Hands ; much less by thine.

III.

Was Love the Cause of this ?
Forbid it all ye Powers above,
No Lover yet despis'd his Bliss,
So as to jilt the Monarchy of Love.
No Youth by thee could ever yet pass by,
But still thou hadst the Tribute of his Eye :
Thou'st Charms enough to set the World on Fire,
And in the coolest Stoick raise Desire :
So dear no Monarch ever priz'd a Crown,
But to procure your Life would lose his own :
What Passion then could blow that Flame,
To vent your Anger on the noblest Frame ?
Perhaps too cruel you have been
To some more Amorous Swain,
Who now lyes Sighing, Gasping, Dying,
Because you will not ease his Pain ;
And having now receiv'd the utmost Blow,
You'd fain embrace him in the Shades below.

A S O N G.

I.

THo the Mountains should shake, and *Apollo*
 (look dim,
 Tho the Planets should tumble on the Ruins we
 (stand ;
 Tho the Globe of the Earth in the Ocean should
 (swim,
 Without Hopes of ever arriving at Land.

II.

Tho Comets in Chariots of Diseases should ride,
 And burst on our Heads like Granadoes on fire,
 Yet they should not move me, but I'd stand by
 (thy Side,
 Dear *Phillis*, and in thine Arms gladly expire.

III.

Believe me 'tis true, for the Powers of Love,
 Like Martyrs Opinions, persevere to the End ;
 They grapple so close, 'twill be hard to remove,
 Tho dismantl'd of flesh, yet to thee they will bend
 IV.

IV.

And can you then, *Phillis*, be unkind to such truth?
See what Vows I have made, I'll for ever be thine,
Do you but consent to the Pleasures of Youth,
And vow the same Vows, that you'll ever be mine.

V.

Then in spight of the Fates we shall both be se-
(cure,
No Isthmus shall part so much Kindness and Love,
Tho the World be expiring, yet our flames shall
(endure,
And feed on each other in the Mansions above.

A S O N G.

I.

IT grieves me, *Celia*, when I think,
That all those Glories of thy Face
Must into Ruins sink,
And ne're Return into their ancient Place.

II.

II.

The Lilies have more Springs than one,
They rise and perish every Year,
But when thy Beauty's gone,
Alas it never will again appear.

III.

All pluck the Roses whilst they may,
For if some ruder Breath of Wind,
Should kiss their Life away,
They leave no Tokens of their Place behind.

IV.

'Tis Time then, *Celia*, to improve,
Because your Life's more short than theirs
To taste the Joys of Love,
And with an Hour's Bliss to poize an Ages Cares.

Translated

*Translated from the Italian Poets.**To his Mistress.*

When the Nights Beauties that surpass the
(Day,
The watchful Virgins shall invite to play,
To thee, through Guards of Dangers I'll advance;
Arm'd with a Glass of Wine, I'll baffle Chance;
But let the Door, the Entrance to our Joys,
Be just so order'd, that it make no Noise:
And when I shall approach with silent Fear,
To crown my Joys, *Corinna* wait you there;
As the fond Ivy round the Beech does twine,
So let my Arms, dear Life, be clasp'd by thine.
You cannot go amiss, oh let your Arms
At ev'ry touch convey a thousand Charms.
Let luscious Kisses and incentive Sips
Of Pleasure, fasten on our balmy Lips.

Let

Let us in Kissing no dull Order show,
But let successive Tides of Pleasure flow,
As loth from us in so much haste to go.
With faint Resistance my Requests deny,
Pleas'd with an eager Importunity ;
With doubtful struglings and a modest meen,
Seem to despise what you do most esteem,
And in the midst of these delightful Wars,
Wound me with harmless and with gentle Scars ;
Let ev'ry part b'employ'd, and let me rove
Through all the hidden Mysteries of Love ;
Let our glad Eyes, sparkling with hot Desire,
Portend, as Omens, we are both on Fire ;
And when you see my Passions all inflam'd,
Willing to conquer, that they may be tam'd,
Then open all your little Cheats to me,
Th'Ingredients of a pleasing Fallacy :
When I'm unwilling, urge me to be kind ;
When I am eager, shew an adverse Mind ;
Shed now and then a counterfeited Tear,
And say, I cannot let your Hands be there ;

Then

Then let me see you dart a pleasing Beam,
As if you wholly not deny'd the Game;
Then let a thousand Raptures spring and rise,
Till a soft Slumber sits upon our Eyes,
And when in Dreams our Thoughts more free
(shall rove,
We'll act again the Comedy of Love.

The FAREWELL.

I.

LEAVE, wretched *Hawkshaw*, leave
Thy self with airy Fantoms to deceive;
There's no such thing as Love,
Except it be amongst the Gods above;
'Tis an Empty Noise of Air,
Whose Eccho brings back nothing but Despair.

L

Il. 'Tis

II.

'Tis a Lottery of Care,
 Wherein ten thousand Blanks, few Prizes are :
 And yet so mad are we,
 We hazard all at this poor Vanity ;
 And commonly it happens so,
 We're cheated of our Time and Mony too.

III.

Ler's at another's Cost be wise ;
 Poor *Cowley* ran, and yet ne're won the Prize,
 And yet his Feet were made
 By the best Artist of *Apollo's* Trade ;
 All his soft Words prov'd vain,
 Instead of breaking, they confirm'd his Chain.

IV.

A thousand Plots I've laid,
 But ne're could get the Virgin's Heart betray'd ;
 Who ever yet could say,
 He'd brought his Love in Captive-chains away ?
 So dismal now I prove,
 I am become a Skelleton in Love.

V.

Leave, *Hawkshaw*, leave once more,
Court not the Wasp that sting'd thy Heart before ;
Use neither Spell nor Art,
To bring the Tyrant back into thy Heart ;
Shake off the Chains of Love,
No God in Heav'n does thy Fate approve.

VI.

Let not thy Army fall in vain
Before a Place which you will never gain ;
The Bombs which you shot in
Will ne're consume her well-stor'd Magazin ;
Tho' Cannon be brought down,
Yet I am sure you ner'e will take the Town.

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